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BUSH DOCTOR

being

Letters from Dr. Leader Stirling

TANGANYIKA TERRITORY

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER LAW



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Foreword

THERE have been in our literature one or two short books descriptive of the experiences of our nurses, but this is, I think, the first time that we have had an account of the life and work of a Mission doctor.

It was in 1935, almost as soon as he was qualified, that Dr. Stirling offered for the Mission, and these letters describing the first ten years shew how wonderfully his work has developed, while their joyous tone indicate how his missionary vocation has been blessed.

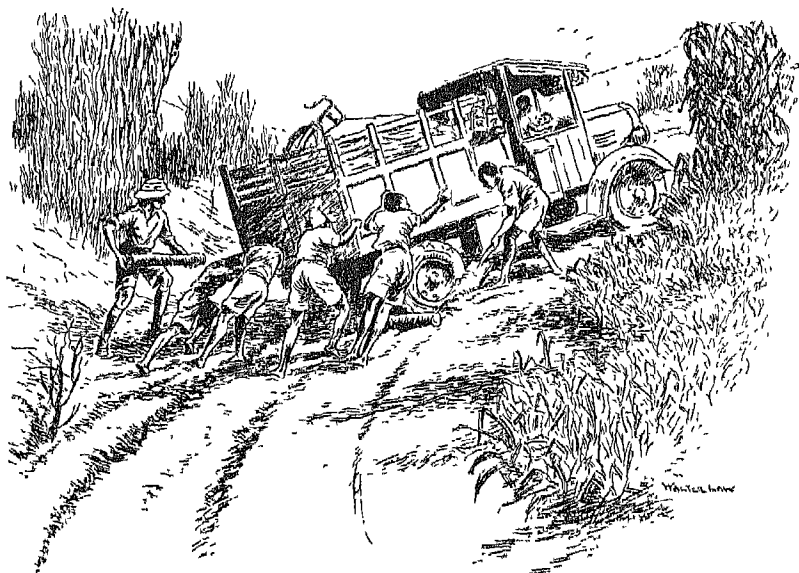
When I was in Zanzibar (before the division of the diocese) the Masasi region was the most southerly and least developed part of it. Some medical work was done by the nurses, with a very occasional visit from me, about once in three years, and any casual help they could get from a visiting Government doctor. My last visit was in July, 1914, and by good fortune, I got away in August on the day that war was declared and so just escaped internment with the rest of our missionaries. During that war not only the European missionaries, but also our native Padres and teachers were interned, so the whole work was at a standstill for about four years, and took some time to recover.

At that time there were no motor cars and the journey up to Masasi from Lindi was a four-days' walk, so the wonderful present organization described by Dr. Stirling, seems all the more striking, especially the advance made in training Africans to act as really efficient helpers, whether dispensers or nurses.

The remarkable development of the Boy Scout movement which the letters describe is entirely due to Dr. Stirling, while the account of how he took advantage of the opportunity to climb Mt. Kilimanjaro during his holiday is a wonderful tribute to his personal initiative.

Those who were at the 1945 Anniversary will recall the stirring account of his work that he then gave and the impassioned appeal that he made for more doctors to come and help him. So far the response to that appeal has been very disappointing, so I trust that all who read this book will make the supply of more doctors to the Mission a matter of earnest prayer.

ROBERT HOWARD, M.D., B.Ch.
(U.M.C.A., 1899-1919).



The Road to Masasi

7th May, 1935.

I HAVE got here at last and I'm not sorry. Travelling is all very interesting, but after more than five weeks one begins to get a bit impatient to arrive. And anyhow I was finding it rather too hot to be pleasant during the three and a half weeks along the coast of Africa.

I left Zanzibar on Easter Tuesday, at least I boarded the "Dumra," but we didn't sail till the next morning, as they were busy unloading cattle. One was dead, so they dumped it, and a goat they let drop broke its leg. There were only four other second class passengers, one Indian and three Germans. The latter were very friendly and two of them proved to be missionaries—a young doctor and his wife going up country to a place near Lake Tanganyika: they lamented the fact that they couldn't get any money from Germany and so the work was being held up. There is a growing idea in these parts that Tanganyika Territory will soon revert to Germany: at any rate

the Germans are digging themselves in and *kultur* is spreading. In an obscure African village on the way here from the coast, a small child stepped out and gave us a smart Nazi salute!

The second class was very comfortable and definitely one up on the converted third class of the "Llangibby Castle," now called Tourist Class. The stewards were Goanese and very attentive. There were a good many deck passengers (Indians and Arabs) and some of these were lepers. We solemnly flew the quarantine flag whenever we entered port. However, it always came down as soon as the port M.O. had come aboard. At Dar-es-Salaam I went ashore and called on the local U.M.C.A. priest, a cheery soul, who only came out last year and loves the heat. The Germans and Indians all left the ship and I remained in solitary state as the only second class passenger. However, there were a few in the first class and one was a boy of thirteen returning from school, who proved an excellent companion. Somewhere short of Ruva Bay we suddenly stopped and dropped anchor under the lee of a small desert island. The captain said we were getting there too soon, so we were going to wait for a few hours. We did. At Ruva Bay we lay too far off to go ashore, while tons of machinery (for sisal plantations) was unloaded into dhows. However, about noon, we entered Lindi Bay and landed by motor boat.

Mr. X. (a local Goanese general dealer and transport agent for the Mission) met me. He was a lean yellow person with a rather elderly topee and a permanently tired expression. He never spoke unless spoken to and seemed to take life sadly, perhaps the result of living in Lindi, which certainly isn't a bright spot. He sold me some shoelaces (which promptly broke) and told me I could start by motor boat for Masasi the next morning. I spent a quiet afternoon in the little rest-house belonging to the Mission and was well looked after by an African who had come down to escort me. At 7 a.m. on Saturday we embarked in a motor boat and started up the river on the tide. By this time I had a good deal of luggage, as, besides my own seven boxes, etc., and my bicycle, I had collected a large kitbag in Zanzibar, five large boxes and parcels at Dar-es-Salaam and half-a-dozen mixed packages at Lindi, all for various members of the Mission, diocesan stores and what not. Some of the boxes, it subsequently appeared, contained fireworks for the

boys of our Central School at Chidya to celebrate the Jubilee! These, I regret to say, had been passed through the Customs (by the shop at Dar-es-Salaam) as fancy goods and stationery! I was probably liable to frightful penalties (I believe £500) for taking explosives on board ship and I'm sure we ought to have flown the gunpowder flag. Incidentally, they don't reckon in pounds in this country (? why) although the 20/- notes are inscribed "20/- or one pound" so that a fine sounds even more formidable when expressed as "shgs. 10,000"! The shilling here is divided into cents, which is an overdue reform at home, but the silver 50c. piece gets called "sixpence." All the bronze coins have holes in the middle so that if you haven't a pocket you can string them round your neck.

It's time I went to bed, so I will continue this to-morrow. My lamp is close by and as there is a mixed company dancing round it and all over this letter and me (viz., four or five moths, a sort of dragonfly, several hoppers, a mosquito or two, several ants and a bat) it's becoming rather trying, so good-night! . . .

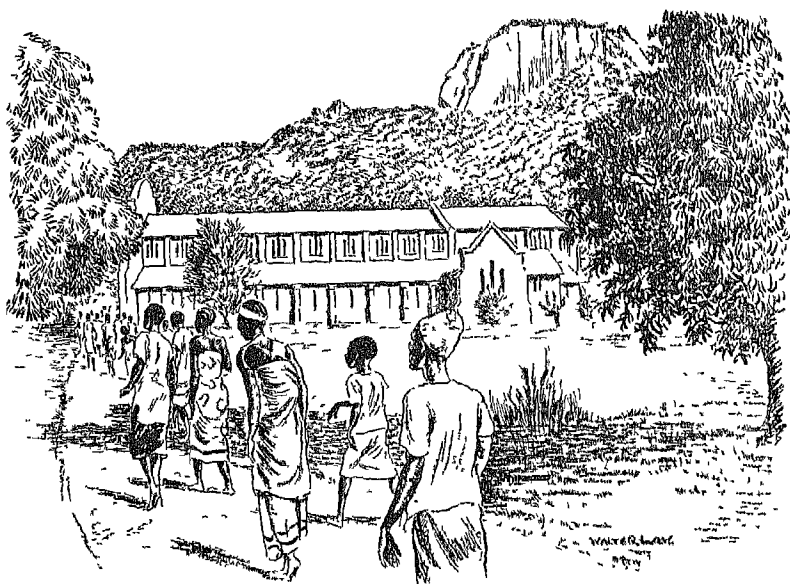
The wind was against the tide, so the river was a bit rough and we got plenty of spray in the boat. After about one and a half hours the river suddenly dwindled to a muddy winding little creek, and we stopped at a small wharf. Presently a motor lorry appeared and the stuff was loaded on to it. We climbed a short hill into the village and then stopped while the driver prepared for the journey. He was an Indian, as are most transport people hereabouts, of a cheerful countenance rather spoilt by smallpox. He loaded on a shovel, a large jack, a spare radiator, and a breakdown crew of four or five Africans, besides a few casual passengers. I had the seat beside him and off we went. We crashed and bumped along cheerfully on a road which varied considerably. Sometimes it was quite fair, sometimes unspeakably bad, but nowhere metalled. I was fairly comfortable in front, but I was sorry for the crew on the floor at the back among the boxes. About midday we stopped at a village and I ate a sandwich lunch. The driver then had a large meal of curried hen and rice, etc., in which he pressed me to join him, so I had a second lunch. Meanwhile the crew were busy changing the radiator. The original one had been leaking so fast that it was permanently boiling and had to be filled up every mile or so. The new one was a lot better: it lasted quite

three miles, perhaps five, without a refill and wasn't always boiling. The afternoon took us steadily inland: we left the sisal plantations and came into natural bush country, pleasant but not exciting. The hills became steeper and we stuck on one in the loose earth, but by putting roadside hay in the tracks and all pushing we got up fairly soon. About 4 p.m. we stopped at Ndanda, where there is a Roman Catholic Mission. I was very hospitably received and given tea by Sister Thekla who is the only other doctor (i.e., except Dr. Taylor and myself) between the coast and Nyasaland. She took me all round their hospital and was very interesting. I had a chat with the Prior and then set off again with many kind messages for the staff here, as the two Missions are on very good terms.

After Ndanda the road deteriorated. Bridges (previously very insecure) now became non-existent, and we traversed frequent fords. Twice we stuck utterly with the back wheels' axles deep in mud. Then the crew got busy with the jack and the shovel and dug us out, but it all took time. At a narrow place (it wasn't wide anywhere) we passed another lorry: there was just room for the two lorries, but not for the two hurricane lamps (Mission property) which our driver had tied on the side for safety. They were simply stripped off and pulverized with a rending and crashing noise, but we didn't stop. We had still some miles to go when darkness fell. The driver pressed on at increased speed, but the ruts were often invisible in the dark and I wondered that we had any springs or axles left. Once I left the seat completely and my head just touched the roof (from an unsprung seat, too!). Then we began to run through high grass, often taller than the radiator, but at last the dim outline of the mountain began to break the skyline, and presently we reached the outskirts of Masasi (viz., a single shop and three or four cottages). About 100 yards further on the driver suddenly turned the wheel smartly to the right and put the lorry neatly into the ditch. He then threw up his hands and screamed, but we remained firmly embedded at an angle of about 45 degrees and undamaged. I hopped out and my "boy" then touched my arm and said in his best English, "Let us go," and we legged it briskly up the hill. We had only half-a-mile or so to go and walked in here just in time for dinner. To my great surprise the lorry turned up about two hours later with

all my stuff, but how they had ever unditched it with no tackle other than one shovel and a jack I cannot think. There was not even a horse available (there are no horses here).

(To-night there are *two* bats whizzing round and round: I can't make out if it's love or war, but it's very disconcerting: the smaller fry however are missing. If you wonder why, ask the lizard who is sitting on my desk!) I was going to describe the place and the people, the work, etc., but I have been too long-winded over the journey, so the rest must wait for the next time. Meanwhile I will only say that it's all more wonderful than I ever expected and that I'm very fit and very happy here.



First Impressions

27th May, 1935.

I PROMISED you some impressions of Masasi, etc., and I will do my best here and now, but the impressions collected during the last month (it seems hard to believe I have been on the job a whole month now) are so many and varied that they are going to need a bit of sorting out and condensation. Otherwise this letter will be overweight.

Masasi itself is a place to dream of. A great mountain rises straight up behind the cathedral, steep green wooded slopes crowned with a sheer, rocky precipice. The buttresses of the mountain stand out on either side, curving round almost in a semi-circle like protecting wings. Below, a vast sea of rolling bush, green, gold, blue of a hundred shades in the ever-changing light, studded with rocky islands, is bounded by distant lines of great blue hills. Here is peace indeed and rare beauty.

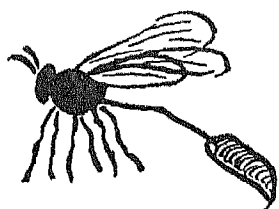
The Mission station is grouped around the cathedral which dominates everything. It is a fine stone building of a great length and simple design, built of rough-hewn stone from the mountain-side. I believe it is the only stone church in the diocese! Inside it is dignified and spacious, the more so from the absence of pews and chairs. There are a few stools, but otherwise one sits on the floor and it is a wonderful sight to see it crowded with people (800 or so) on a Sunday morning. Such simple decoration as there is is beautifully done and there is, among other things, a very striking figure of the Blessed Virgin and Child represented as Africans. There is no organ as we sing everything unaccompanied, and although it is a cathedral everything is very homely. It is quite usual to see two or three dogs or a cat or two strolling about during services, or at any time, or sitting quietly beside their masters. They are usually quite well-behaved and no one takes any notice. Birds fly about the beams and sing pleasantly: the windows being unglazed they can come in and out as they please

Above the cathedral is the close, a pleasant open space dotted with mango trees and bordered by the men's houses. Each house is a simple square of mud and posts, thatched with grass. The deep thatch includes an ample "*baraza*" (veranda) in front, and inside a bamboo partition divides the house into two rooms, each about 12 feet square. The floor is of beaten earth, quite hard. All the windows are unglazed and sheltered by the eaves from the sun, and to give good ventilation the mud walls are stopped a foot short of the roof, which simply rests on the posts. There is of course no ceiling. This is the ordinary African house, and it is very cool and comfortable. We have ordinary African beds: a network of plaited grass stretched on a wooden frame and covered with a grass mat: very comfortable and much cooler than a mattress.

Around our houses are brilliant flowers, now going over, mainly zinnias, I believe, and similar things, and beside the cathedral is a row of flame-coloured acacias. Below the cathedral is the hospital and also the ladies' houses. Across a deep ravine beside the hospital is the girls' boarding-school, with two resident English teachers (beside the non-resident African

ones). All around is bush, green and wild, with little hamlets, quite hidden, dotted about, each with its own little plantation of maize, millet, pumpkins, etc. There are leopards on the mountain and sometimes they come into the close, also hyenas, but I haven't seen any yet. The birds are brilliantly coloured, mostly reds and yellows, but contrary to popular ideas they sing most beautifully. There is an orange and black blackbird, in particular, which is a joy to hear. The other day one flew into my bedroom, perched on a beam and sang uninterruptedly for half an hour. Its song was amazingly varied and its tone wonderfully rich. The same day I watched through the open door a sort of chipmunk running up and down the branches of a tree close by, flicking his bushy tail all the time and making an odd chuck-chucking noise. There are lizards in great variety, some very pretty, others a sepulchral grey colour with protruding eyes that never blink. These latter creep about walls and beams, frequently *upside down* and seem very tame. I approve strongly of lizards, as they wage ceaseless war on every sort of "*dudu*" (a most convenient name for anything that creeps, crawls, hops, jumps, buzzes or otherwise tries to make life a burden) and I likewise disapprove strongly of the cats here who *will* eat the lizards. It is sheerly wanton, as they usually sick up afterwards, probably in someone's house. The *dudus* as a matter of fact don't worry me much, one soon gets used to them, except the ordinary fly, to which I give no quarter. Their variety, however, is so huge that I wonder at any entomologist ever having the heart to begin classifying them. I won't waste time on any descriptions thereof, except to mention a few of the bees and wasps which are rather amusing.

The mason-bee, large and loud with an orange bottom, builds little domed houses of brown concrete all over the place (usually indoors!). When she thinks that her pupae are about hatched she comes back and knocks at the door and then listens for a buzz from inside! If Willie says "buzz" she lets him out. There is another very noisy bee, even longer, who wears a blue and white rugger vest; and a rather smaller one, a sort of "electric" blue and white, who flies very fast making a noise like a miniature circular saw at full speed. The star-turn, however, is the hornet who comes out as it were in two editions



with half an inch of stalk in between! Like this sketch, only about twice as big. His sting, however, is not nearly so funny as his appearance. There is a quite harmless *dudu* which imitates the hornet's absurd figure, but not his gravity. It hangs about in the air with its ridiculously long yellow legs swinging from side to side with a sort of Charlie Chaplin motion, or possibly the 'Charleston' which we hear is to be revived

I might also mention the crickets of various sorts and sizes, which sing (?) all night without tiring. There is never silence at night here: there is a continual loud noise composed of (1) a piercing whistle something like a cross between a circular saw and escaping steam; (2) a noise like an English cricket greatly speeded up; (3) a noise like an electric motor running dry in its bearings; (4) a noise like a tiny steam-engine running "flat-out"; (5) sundry whistlings and chirrupings. All these appear to be made by crickets of various sorts and they blend into one continuous hum of sound like a miniature machine-shop. One soon gets used to them, however, like the trams.

The week before last Dr. Taylor and I went to Chidya for two days as the first stage of our diocesan medical tour. We went in the ambulance as her car is crocked, and had a bumpy journey. There is a boys' boarding-school there which serves the whole diocese: a fine lot of boys, from whom will come the teachers of the future.

Last week we came here (Lulindi) on Wednesday. We had to walk as the road was still impassable to cars. We left at 2.55 a.m. and covered the twenty-four miles in six and a half hours' actual walking time—not bad going. It was a most enjoyable walk, through the bush all the way. We stopped half an hour for a meal about 6.30 a.m. and later stopped ten minutes to visit one of our village schools. Otherwise we kept right on. Dr. Taylor is a tremendous walker, but as a precaution, she had arranged to be carried for the last eight miles or so. I kept on walking, however, *à la* Felix, and felt all the better for it. I am feeling very fit and looking forward to some more walks. This week we mean to go on to Newala, but probably by car.

Here there is a Mission station similar to Masasi, but instead of the cathedral there is an ordinary mud church, simple and beautiful. A hen is "sitting" in the vestry, but doesn't seem to mind the singing or the incense

I must leave till next week all account of the actual work and the hospital arrangements, etc., but I will just add a few notes to satisfy the curious re general facts and figures. Altitude of Masasi, 1,400 ft.; top of mountain, 2,500 ft.; European population (a) the Mission: two priests, two doctors, two nurses, two teachers, two ladies in the diocesan office, one housekeeper; (b) Government (three miles away): one District Officer with one sister (widow) and two children. Total, fifteen. African population ???, but the most delightful and lovable people. Four or five shops (Indian), three miles away: very limited stock. One shop (Arab), half-a-mile away, even more limited stock. This will really have to do.



Smallpox in the Bush

21st June, 1935.

I PROMISED in my last letter to give you a sketch of our work, etc., but I'm afraid it must wait yet again as we are pretty busy with a smallpox epidemic. I'll just tell you a bit about that and that must do for the present. . . Re bicycle; yes, I bought one for 30/- the day before I sailed. It goes quite well and is the eighth wonder of the world hereabouts because it has semi-drop handles, which are quite unknown here . . .

As to the smallpox, it apparently has been going on since the last lot in January, but the patients have been deliberately hidden away in the bush. It was discovered two weeks ago, while Dr. Taylor and I were at Newala, about fifty miles from here. We got an urgent message, so returned at once and have been busy ever since. The Government officials have taken charge but they seem to be doing very little, so we have been shifting for ourselves. There are no cases in Masasi itself, but

in several areas round about, some as much as fifty miles apart. They are all scattered about in the bush, often isolated in little temporary huts of green branches, and the visiting of patients entails miles of walking, besides what is possible by car or bike. It is great fun, walking through beautiful country and meeting all sorts of delightful people away from everywhere, of course not seeing a white face all day, but it takes a dreadful amount of time and interferes seriously with the ordinary dispensary work. Also it is rather tiring, walking through the heat of the midday ("mad dogs and Englishmen," etc.). Yesterday I searched for a mythical case in the back of beyond till twelve noon, then I gave it up as hopeless and returned to the nearest proper village, several miles off. After a short rest I went in the other direction an hour's journey (on foot) to see a solitary patient in the bush, and returned by a roundabout way to see several more, incidentally finding three new cases and having to revaccinate several contacts who had been done but had not "taken." Eventually I reached the village again at about 6.15, that is to say after dark, but was glad to find Dr. Taylor with the car to meet me. At present she does a round in one district and I in another (simply for the smallpox). I usually go alone, unless I have a guide to a new case, but I can easily get my drugs and instruments, washbasin, gown, etc., in my rucksack, and with my waterbottle slung on one side and my grub-case on the other I am complete. Incidentally the said grub-case which Mr. and Mrs. G—— so kindly gave me has proved quite invaluable. It is excellent for this sort of job and each day proves its worth and refutes K.'s pessimistic criticism thereof.

The most odd thing about this epidemic is that of over 200 cases reported so far, not one has died, but they may die yet. Of course we are vaccinating hard and our own team (Dr. Taylor and myself and about eight of our boys) has so far done more than 10,000 vaccinations in the past two weeks: not bad going, especially as so much time is lost in travelling from place to place, getting the people to come in, getting fresh supplies of lymph, etc., besides attending to ordinary work.

In the middle of all this we got an urgent call from Lulindi (thirty-seven miles away, over bad roads) to see the daughter of one of our African priests, supposed to be dying. I made a

flying visit in the smaller car and found the patient far gone with extensive pneumonia and empyema, apparently influenzal in origin. I operated forthwith and returned at once, but heard later that she died in the night. She was a pretty hopeless case, but it was unfortunate that it was the first operation I had done at Lulindi, as I shall probably be stationed there later on and it won't encourage patients to have surgical treatment. We get rather little surgery, as operations are greatly feared in these parts, and often we cannot get consent to do the most necessary operations. The relatives (who have all the say) prefer to take the patient home to die. Sometimes they ask us to operate without an anæsthetic, but we usually refuse. At Newala, however, we got consent the other day and I successfully removed from the inside of a child's shinbone a piece of dead bone the size of a banana. So that ought to make things rather easier at Newala in future.

On our return journey from Lulindi (incidentally I had three passengers and luggage) we struck a large hole which was covered by a dead branch (on inspection it was found to be 22 inches deep and several feet across). We were going a good speed (about 25-30) at the time as the road appeared to be in "good" condition, and both our nearside wheels went into it, one after the other, and out again. There was an appalling crash, and 'Henry' more or less stood up on end and then sat down again very hard. However, nothing seemed to be broken, so we went on again, and eventually reached Masasi in the middle of dinner. Talking of holes, Dr. Taylor yesterday put the nearside wheel of the ambulance into a hole so deep and wide that when the body was resting on the brink the wheel was still not touching the bottom! The hole was quite covered by long grass, and it's a marvel she didn't get the front wheel in. Not long ago we were going slowly along a piece of newly-repaired main road, when the opposite near wheel just sank into the ground! Such are our roads. On such occasions one collects any stray passers-by or nearby inhabitants (if any) and with aid of spades and logs of wood we get out somehow. It's not surprising to find this evening that the engine of the ambulance has shifted bodily forwards on the chassis, the front cross-member of the latter having cracked in several places. The chief result of this is that the throttle will not close and one has to

go about with the clutch out and the engine racing, if you want to go slowly! The engine of the little car dropped long ago, so now if you want to put in the starting handle you have to jack up the engine first. Well, enough of this. I am very fit, thank you, and hope you all are.

The Daily Round

6th July, 1935.

It will be three months the day after to-morrow since I landed in Zanzibar, but it certainly doesn't seem like it . . . It's just been one thing after another, and to-night, when I had reckoned on some time, we had two visiting Europeans to dinner (Government officials, one looking for smallpox and the other for sleeping sickness), so had to entertain them, and now they have gone it is bedtime. The smallpox is still with us, though getting slightly less. Thursday I dashed to Luatala (as fast as the very clumsy ambulance would "dash"!) and walked many miles to be shown several cases of chicken-pox! Friday morning I left again at 6 a.m. and got back here by 8, and then off to Kanyimbe and another round of smallpox. Meanwhile Dr. Taylor was miles off elsewhere, seeing two cases in the family of one of our African priests. So it goes on and we wonder when it will ever stop. Saturday I was told that a child who had been removed from hospital two days before was very ill, so went off to see, about six miles each way on foot, but found the child playing about with her little friends out in the bush!

The last few days I have been busy in my spare time drawing plans for the new hospital we hope to build. It is badly needed, and Miss Smith (the nurse-in-charge here) wants to start on it at once. She has £23 in hand, but is building in faith and hoping the rest will turn up. As a private ward can be built for 10/- it isn't quite so bad as it sounds.

. So you see I have my hands pretty full. Dr. Taylor and I are both off again to-morrow in different directions and the next day she goes on a flying visit to Namasakata, about one hundred

miles off, our furthest dispensary and leper-camp, so I shall be on my own for nearly a week. However, I'll try to write a letter of decent length sometime in the week. Things are usually quiet on Sunday. I'm sorry there has been a pause in the writing of circular letters. The smallpox continues and I have only had time to write short letters to Mother. However, I have now a day's enforced idleness, as I have brought Dr. Taylor's derelict car to Lindi and am awaiting a lorry to return to-morrow . . .

As to the smallpox, we have now had about 130 cases, but no deaths. The numbers are gradually decreasing, but we are still getting fresh cases, and of course they are still very widely scattered, which causes great waste of time in visiting. The other day I went ten miles (on foot) to see a single case, and that day's round of visits totalled about fifty miles (thirty by car, twenty on foot). On my way back to the car from the last case I passed through a village (Liloya) just as it was about dark, and the African deacon very kindly produced a quart of tea and eight hard-boiled eggs. They were very welcome, as I still had two miles on foot and ten by car before I could get dinner. I drank about five cups of the tea and ate four or five of the eggs. (Of course, African eggs are small, like their hens, and there was no bread as Africans don't eat it, their staple food being porridge.)

The parish of Liloya, incidentally, has a daughter-church at another village rejoicing in the name of Mpindimbe. This has become famous since a certain (English) priest announced one Sunday morning at Liloya that "next Sunday, Mass will be said at Mbinguni," which means "in Heaven"!

Recently the District Officer came to dinner at the Mission, and the priest in question, who happened to be at Masasi then, told this story against himself. The D.O. listened very gravely and then enquired brightly: "And did they all turn up there?" But then, as someone remarked afterwards, "mbinguni" probably doesn't enter much into official correspondence!

We recently had the said D.O. and his sister (who keeps house for him) *and* her little girl, all as patients with extensive burns (though fortunately not deep), due to taking liberties with a Primus stove. I am glad to say they have all recovered, however.

Last week I was at Luatala and Lulindi seeing cases of

suspected typhoid, which is very uncommon here. I expect to return there on Thursday and back to Masasi again on Friday. Last Friday another leopard came prospecting for chickens, but Miss Ward got out of bed and threw stones at it and it ran away. I haven't seen any leopards yet, however. Some time ago one of our priests was walking in a wild part of the bush and met two men carrying a large joint of venison. "That's a fine piece of meat you've got, Dad," he remarked to one of them. "Where did you get it?" "Oh," said the old man, "we found a lion with it, so we beat the lion and took it from him."

I promised you some account of my day's work. Well, as you will have gathered from previous letters there is a lot of travelling about, seeing patients at other hospitals and dispensaries and in their homes, and one never quite knows where a call will come from next. Last Sunday I was told a man was dying not far off. However, on arrival, I found he had only had too much "*pombe*" (beer made from millet). About the same time another man also had too much *pombe* and in consequence got his jaw badly broken. He nearly *did* die, but is now recovering. There is much drunkenness at this time of year (harvest).

The usual programme, however, for a day spent on the station, is roughly as follows: 5.30, get up; 6.30, Mass; 7.15, breakfast; 8.0, see in-patients in hospital. All who are well enough come into the dispensary to be seen, and before we start, one of the dispensary boys says some simple prayers. All the Christians present join in, and sometimes there is a short talk, especially if many heathen are present. After the in-patients we see the out-patients, who may number anything from 50 to 150 or even more for a morning session. They get their medicine or injection or dressing, or may be admitted to hospital. Each is expected to bring a gift of some sort. These are mostly in kind, either corn or fruit or vegetables, usually worth about $\frac{1}{2}$ d. for a child and anything from 1d. upwards for an adult. Eggs are valued at $\frac{1}{4}$ d. each, and fowls at 6d. each, which is the fee for a course of injections. Operations are charged at 1/- each. On busy mornings the dispensary floor soon looks like a harvest festival, and when there are live hens in baskets and people trip over them there is awful commotion. When the dispensary session is over one goes round the hospital to see any patients too ill to attend dispensary (this sounds odd,

but an African has to be *very* ill before he can be kept permanently in bed!).

Then there are usually microscopic examinations to be made in the little bamboo "laboratory" until lunch time at 12.15. After lunch one often has more laboratory work to return to, but if not one is free to rest. 2.30, tea; 3.30, Evensong; and at 4.0 we return to the dispensary for the evening session. This is much shorter—at least there are fewer out-patients, but in-patients often take up a good deal of time. One is usually free by about 5.30, sometimes earlier, though often later; if earlier one has a little free time. When I get back to my house I usually find a bunch of small boys on my doorstep, expecting to be amused! They are delightful children. At 6.0 or so I send them away and proceed to bath in a glorified pie-dish. Then 6.30, dinner; 7.45, Compline; and then one is free to read, write, pray or talk to people, but I usually turn in pretty early to bed.

That is just a bare outline of my routine work, but of course it is only the medical side of the work and in any case is varied with all sorts of incidentals. No two days are alike. Sundays we reduce the hospital work as far as possible and endeavour to get the morning session finished by 8 a.m., in time for the principal service of the day.

I don't think I have told you about the weather yet. At this time of year it is like the finest English summer weather, hot and sunny, but not excessively so, with cool nights and often an early-morning mist. I think it would suit most of my aunts down to the ground (or perhaps down to a deck-chair!). Of course I only wear shorts and shirt and feel very comfortable, except some mornings lately when I have had to put on a pullover to keep warm! Later in the year, of course, it gets hotter, but I'll be able to tell you about that when it comes.

I must get to bed now, but next time I'll try to tell you a bit about the people here. Meanwhile, if my aunts, etc., could manage to make either patchwork counterpanes or knitted woollen blankets (squares sewn together—any bright colours) for our hospitals, they would be very welcome. The latter are particularly popular with the patients, who often walk about draped with them while in hospital! Also, please note that *rags*

of *any sort* are badly needed for use as dressings. Any parcels should be sent through the Office.

My best news is that the Bishop has at last been allowed to leave England and sailed last week.

Eyes-in-the Dark

12th August, 1935.

In my last letter I think I said I had gone to Lindi to get Dr. Taylor's car mended, but the next morning a P.M. revealed that one cylinder contained no piston at all, and the bend "small-end" of the connecting rod had scored deep furrows in the cylinder wall. So I gave instructions for a decent burial on the Mission ground (the rest of the car was in a like state), and after waiting all day got a ride back here on a lorry that left at 6 p.m. We made a good journey (it was a V-8 Ford) and arrived at about 11.35 p.m. On the way we saw a beautiful leopard, two foxes and two big white owls, besides many eyes-in-the-dark that wouldn't show themselves. The next day I was off to Luatala and Lulindi again to investigate more smallpox scares, but found nothing much.

Last Tuesday we had a report that one of our priests (a fine old African with a big black beard) had got smallpox. The centre of his parish is at Lipumburu, ten miles from the nearest road, so I set off twenty miles by car and then left it and walked. It was very pleasant country and when I got to the village I found the old man sitting outside his front door reading! He entertained me most hospitably and slew a chicken for me and showed me round his church, very beautifully kept. I had a good rest and then returned to the car. As I had had no work to do it was really a very pleasant day off and I thoroughly enjoyed the walk.

May I add to my appeal for rugs and rags one for bandages also? They can be made of anything—old cotton, linen, calico, etc., the longer the better and need not be white. They should be cut to widths of 2, 2½ and 3 inches, or a *few* at 4 inches. The 3 inch is about the most useful width for most things. They

should be rolled tightly and finished with a couple of stitches. Thank you very much!

If you really want to know about this bit of Africa and the Mission, get "The Dawn of a Diocese," by Canon Blood, just published by U.M.C.A., 1/6 only. It's all about the Masasi diocese, the places and people I travel among, and is quite up-to-date. It should answer all your queries and provide a reference book to any points in my letters. I have also got some photos now and hope to be able to send you prints soon.

Visit to Lukwika

16th September, 1935.

I'm afraid it's some weeks since I had time to write a general epistle, but now things are easier. The smallpox is over, Deo gratias, and we're not sorry, although it has been really a great help to me as otherwise I should not have had nearly as much experience of places and people, besides practice in Swahili. At present I am having ten days' holiday at a very quiet spot (Namakambale) before Dr. Taylor goes home, as I shall then be single-handed for eight months and unable to take a holiday. To our great joy the Bishop arrived back in Masasi just over two weeks ago. He came a day earlier than was expected, having landed at Mikindani, and got a lorry up to Masasi, about 130 miles, arriving at 8.30 p.m. He had taken his turn at riding on the luggage in the back of the lorry, and had only had a cup of tea on the way (at Newala). I am sorry to say that he was taken ill again with malaria three days later, but not badly and is now quite fit again.

The Bishop brought with him three new priests from England, but, as I think I said before, these do not yet make up the number of those we have lost. However, we are very thankful they have come.

Since I last wrote I have been to Nanyindwa, where we have a dispensary. Dr. Taylor and I went for the day only, and Canon Reuben Namalowe entertained us very pleasantly. He had shot a guineafowl for our lunch and his wife had spent the morning

cooking it. I have also been to Lulindi a couple of times, and both times had some trouble with bridges. On the first occasion I noticed a lot of smashing and bumping as we crossed the new bridge over the Majembe river (now dry), so on the return journey I stopped to have a look before crossing. Imagine my horror when I found the bridge was made of bamboos! I made my seventeen passengers walk across and then drove across very gingerly, keeping the wheels on the longitudinal beams as far as possible, but it wasn't at all pleasant. On the next journey the bridge had been mended, but another one had been broken by a lorry and we had a lot of trouble getting up the bank, as the ambulance is very heavy and the bank was nearly vertical and very soft. However, I had no patient on board and we were only one and a half hours late getting back!

In between these visits Dr. Taylor and I went together to Lukwika (otherwise Namagono) where we have a small hospital. We stayed five days, but had very little to do as the people there are hostile and very few come for treatment. It is a remote spot near the Ruvuma river, and *very* hot. The Mission stands on a slight rise, surrounded entirely by the forest, without another house in sight. Seven forest paths (one motorable) intersect in the midst of the space between the Mission buildings, so it is quite a strategic spot from the missionary point of view. The church is a bamboo and stick building without mud, but our houses are the usual mud and stick sort. It is a famous place for lions, as they often wander about among the mission houses at night or sit on one's doorstep (literally), but to my disappointment we didn't even hear one while I was there. We saw two gazelles on the way there, however, at very close quarters. When we arrived the priest-in-charge complained that the lions had broken up the Mission well twice in a week, so a trap had been set. However, the lions (as I have said) kept away after that, and the only catch was a little civet-cat, which was blown all to pieces by the spring-gun.

We got back to Masasi, via Lulindi, last Monday night, and on Tuesday I came on to Pucha-Pucha, about ninety miles, slept the night in the ambulance, and subsequently left it in the forest and walked the remaining two and a half hours to Namakambale. On the way I saw two wild boars quite close, a number of grey monkeys and a large kudu (known locally as

"*ndandala*"). I didn't see any elephants, but there are plenty about here and rather troublesome. They raided a village school not far off and demolished it completely, and continued to break it up as fast as it was rebuilt.

This is another huge parish in extent; it takes nearly three days to walk from here to Lumesule at the other end of it, but its population is small and scattered. However, they make up for numbers by goodness, and are simple, kindly people. On Sunday only two communicants of this village were absent, one of those unavoidably, and twenty communicants had walked in from the next village, two and a half hours away. So there were ninety communions made, including five children making their First Communion, and it was a very happy day. There is only one priest for the whole parish, so he has to go to the different villages in turn week by week. The African teachers in this part are very encouraging. One recently returned a third of his pay to the parish priest with a note saying: "This is for God: He has been very good to me." They have faith here, too. Some time ago the priest was walking through the forest about dawn when he saw a lion sitting close to the path. "Oh, dear," he said to the man with him, "what shall we do now?" "Why," replied the man, "you're always telling us to trust God. Aren't you going to trust Him now?" "Yes, certainly," said the priest, feeling rather ashamed, "but we ought to do our part. Let's clap our hands and shout." So they did, and the lion ran away.

I have had one or two casual patients here, but otherwise I am having a really lazy time and enjoying my holiday. The priest-in-charge is the only European here, so he is glad of some company.

Mission Schools

1st December, 1935.

After a long interval I have found time for another letter. Since Dr. Taylor went home I have been far too busy for long letters, and most of my correspondence has been in the form of official "local" letters in answer to the endless stream of reports and enquiries from the seven hospitals and dispensaries for

which I am at present responsible. Now I have a chance to write and if I send this by air-mail I can wish you all a very happy Christmas

. . . B—— asks about schools. There are no Government schools in these parts whatever : they are all run by the Mission. We put a school in any village where the people want one : they build the school and we provide and pay the teacher. Any child can attend free and get taught ordinary elementary education, but religious teaching is not forced on any whose parents object. The teachers also hold classes for adults who are willing to receive Christian teaching, and so these African teachers are the front line of missionary attack. As we have so few priests, a great deal devolves on the teachers, who have to carry on, often single-handed and sometimes alone, among strange and heathen people, solitary witnesses to the Faith, until the visit of the parish priest, which is often only once a month or sometimes less. The number of children in schools varies a great deal, anything from ten to a hundred or more, and in the larger schools there are of course two teachers, though often there is work for more. We have a very few women teachers; nearly all are men, but as prejudice is gradually worn down we are getting more women. The village school itself is a mud-walled building with ample windows and a thatched roof. The children sit on wooden benches made of tree-trunks, roughly trimmed and supported on short forked stakes driven in the ground. The desks are made of long bamboos laid side by side, and also permanently fixed. Writing is done on slates and of course there is the blackboard. Most teachers collect pictures, cuttings from illustrated papers, etc., and join them round the walls. If possible they get a picture of the Patron Saint of the school. Morning school begins about 8.30 and goes on till about 11.30 or 12, with a half-hour break for games. (I say *about* because so few teachers have any watches or clocks, and no children or parents have any!). There is no afternoon school, but of course the teacher has his adult teaching to arrange. On Fridays the children have "manual work," which is principally working the school allotment (as most of them will have to grow all their own food in after life, this is just as well), but also includes sweeping out the school and church (if there is one) and trimming any paths that may have been specially cut to the

church. Promising children are able to compete for entrance to one of our Central Schools. We have in this diocese two Central Schools for boys (one at Namasakata and a much larger one at Chidya) and one for girls (Kwitonji at Masasi). These give a very liberal secondary education (free to suitable children) which I believe surpasses Government standards. They are really very jolly places and turn out fine young Africans. Then we have two training colleges for would-be teachers and dispensers, to which the boys go from the Central Schools. One is at Chidya, with the central school, and one at Minaki, near Dar-es-Salaam. The latter one we share with the diocese of Zanzibar, and only send to it the most promising students (i.e. those who are expected to get Grade I certificates). Of course even the Colleges are only single-storey mud buildings, but so is everything else in these parts, so no one worries. The newer buildings are of mud-bricks, which are stronger than mud and sticks, but the bricks are not burnt and all roofs are grass-thatched. So much for schools.

As to my own movements, I really can't worry you with all my wanderings since I last wrote. I saw Dr. Taylor off at Lindi, on her voyage home, on September 14th. Next day I started back to Masasi with Dr. Taylor's new car which, as soon as she was well out of sight, developed the most horrible noises. These seemed to come from the gear-box, so I spent a very hot, very oily and very dirty couple of hours by the roadside disembowelling the gear-box and putting it together again. Everything was perfect, so I gave it up and drove slowly on expecting something desperate to happen any minute. However, we reached Masasi again and there, while someone else drove the car, I located the noise in the back-axle. This resulted in the car being laid up for a month while the back-axle was sent down to Lindi for repair. Meanwhile the ambulance had been borrowed for other purposes and on the way to Lukwika was run into a tree. So I went to Chidya by pushbike and spent a few hectic days examining the entrance candidates for the Central School: chiefly looking for lepers. I found about five or six (some doubtful) out of one hundred boys. Then I went on to Lulindi in the ambulance, which had by then been returned, considerably the worse for wear. One side of the body-work had been badly shattered, and the whole body was rattling and swaying

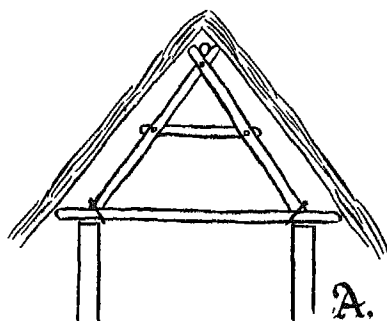
with every bump in the road. However, we got there and the expert African carpenter at Lulindi rebuilt the damaged side of the body very well indeed : made it stronger than before, in fact.

Life at Lulindi was one endless rush. The hospital there is not quite so big as Masasi, but is usually busier and never gets slack. It was quite full as usual, with several serious cases and a couple of operations to do. There are just two nurses and four dressers (African) and there is always the leper camp as well, about a mile away. One day we started work at 6.30 a.m. and didn't finish till 6.30 p.m., only stopping for lunch and tea. Then in the middle of this I got back to Masasi to an urgent case. The ambulance was being repaired, so I walked in, doing the twenty-four miles in six hours actual walking time (one rest of twenty minutes and several stops to talk to people, another twenty minutes—gross time six hours forty minutes). On arrival I dealt with the man, but he was very bad and after four days there was nothing else more to be done so I went back to Lulindi. We left about 2.45 a.m. and resting by the wayside we both fell sound asleep (my companion was Alfegc, my boy); consequently the sun was well up before we got in, and *very* hot. Two days later another call came from Masasi, for a man who had been trodden on by an elephant, but a second messenger arrived actually before the first to say he was moribund and so to cancel the call. The poor man was a roadmender and apparently had just been pulped. On November 8th I left Lulindi in the repaired ambulance for Newala (I hope this doesn't read like Bradshaw: I'll try to make it interesting!). Newala is 2,300 feet up, and was bitterly cold with grey skies and biting wind, occasional mist and drizzle, everything sopping wet and no sun to be seen. This in the hottest month of the year! I found plenty to do there during the week I stayed, including two trips to Mahuta, fourteen miles away, where we have a very busy out-station dispensary. From Newala I went down to Luatala, still in the ambulance, for a busy morning's work, including two operations, and then on to Lulindi to see special cases in the afternoon, and so back to Masasi in the evening. As I got out of the ambulance a man emerged in the darkness with a message from Namasakata, a hundred and thirty miles away, to say the Sister-in-charge had got sleeping-sickness. Fortunately the small car (Dr. Taylor's) was now

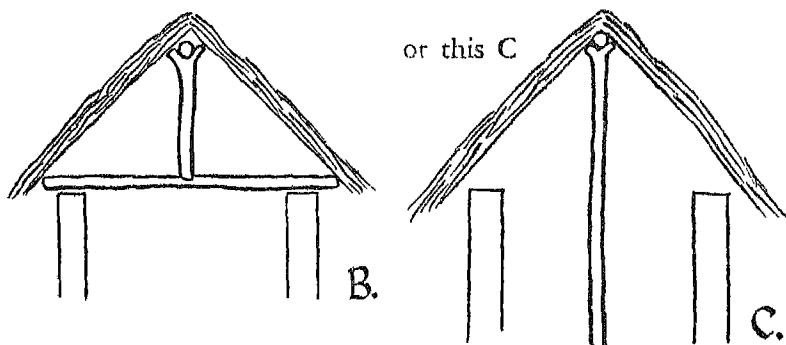
repaired, so in the morning I set off in that. An uneventful journey ended safely at Namasakata, where I found the Sister's condition quite hopeful. I am still at Namasakata having been here a fortnight. I am glad to say the Sister is doing well and should make a good recovery.

This is a very peaceful spot, and is the remotest of our main stations. During the rainy season it is five days' journey from Masasi. The priest-in-charge here is Canon Kolumba, a fine old African. He has no curate, and his parish extends forty miles or more from here. To-morrow he and I are going by car to one of his out-stations near the Ruvuma river, about forty miles away. We shall stay two days and he will minister to souls while I tend bodies. Then I hope to go on to Namakambale, the next parish towards Masasi, where we have just opened a dispensary. In a few weeks, or less, these roads will be closed by the rains, so by the end of this week I hope to be back at Masasi.

The new out-patient building at Masasi is now nearly finished. It has got the roof on, which is the great thing as the rains are beginning. There was one tremendous storm just *before* the roof went on, which nearly wrecked everything. Two pillars were washed away and had to be rebuilt and the whole outside had to be repointed! Our bricks are only sundried mud, so they are easily spoilt by rain. Now the roof is on the walls are protected by the wide eaves of grass-thatch. It all looks rather good, and it is very thrilling to see it nearly complete. I hope it doesn't fall down! I have been careful to make it as secure as possible. One great feature of interest locally is the roof, as it is supported on bolted triangles (like an English barn). This system is unknown in Masasi, viz, like this: A



as they always build like this B



Style B is unscientific and the beams always sag after a while and have to be reinforced, while style C is a nuisance as the house is full of poles. When we have finished I will send you the plan. It will be the biggest building in Masasi, except the stone cathedral, so it is all rather exciting.

Everything is beautifully fresh and green now, and the views over wooded hills and valleys are magnificent. Many trees begin with bright pink leaves of varying shades, and before they turn green the patchwork of pink and green is very striking. This is in great contrast to our "autumn" (about July) which practically doesn't exist. The leaves drop off one by one, as it were, without turning colour. Then after an absurdly short interval—about two months this year—the new green begins to spring out, anticipating the first rain by three or four weeks. The flowers are coming out, too, now: mostly very delicate herbaceous plants without much leaf but with bright pink or lilac coloured flowers, some scarlet and a few yellow. There are plenty of things rather like saffron, but the gladioli, which are famous hereabouts, are not out yet. Many of the trees have small bright flowers, but they hardly show until they fall when they make a brilliant carpet underfoot. In the house I am occupying here there is a martin's nest, on the beam nearly over my bed. The martins are small but very pretty, having ginger heads and backs, black wings, black and white striped waistcoats, and feathery white trousers. They don't seem to spend much time "sitting." Mostly they perch on a beam and sing love songs to each other. The hen has one modest note only,

but it never fails to evoke her spouse's repertoire of at least four delivered with great zest. The other night they seemed to be having a restless night. There was a continual clatter of dry mud, from the nest, falling down, and finally, in the middle of the night they threw out an egg, which burst loudly under the washstand. I think they're probably young and feckless. This house is infested with large spiders, three or four inches long, which run about at night. As they are poisonous I swat them: ten the night before last!



Christmas at Masasi

19th January, 1936.

WHEN I last wrote, I think I was at Namasakata, either just before or after going to Namakambale to open our newest dispensary. This makes our thirteenth medical station, not counting the two leper camps, the six leper out-stations and places visited only occasionally. Since then I have been at Masasi mostly, until last week, though I had to visit Lulindi, Luatala and Chidya for various special reasons. Now the roads are impassable to motors until next May at the earliest, so I walk or bike everywhere—mostly walking, as the paths are too sandy to bike. We are having the rains now, every second or third day a good downpour which fills the rivers and alters the shape of Africa while you watch. The grass is springing up again, and everywhere is a rich luxuriant green, dotted with brilliant flowers—never in masses though—and freshened after every shower. It is not yet long enough to spoil the views, and when walking in the morning dew one gets wet through up to the hips at present. The trees have by now settled down to a deep

summer green, and give some shade. In fact, the countryside is looking about at its finest, taken all in all. The flowers I described in my last letter are still going strong and now the wild gladioli are out. They are more slender than the cultivated sort, but very beautiful, mostly of a delicate peach colour streaked with vermillion. There are also large numbers of a similar flower, name unknown, but nearer monbretia, which is a bright scarlet with splashes of yellow, and also a kind of iris (but it isn't quite) with a large flower of a brilliant lemon-yellow. These all make a fine show in the forest. As for fruit, there is a record crop of mangoes this year. They are rotting everywhere, and everyone is full! Pineapples are also abundant now, sweet and juicy (not sour like the expensive ones you buy in England), and costing about ½d. each for the good ones. Small ones cost about ¼d. each, and often there's no sale for them at all! These are a pleasant variation on the rather insipid banana and the equally dull paipai (at least it varies, but is often rather tasteless). We have hardly any really wild fruit (like blackberries, for instance), but the mango has been planted so freely in villages and in now isolated places where houses once stood that one usually finds some every few miles except in the wildest country. The unwritten law is that you never pick mangoes (except from your own tree) but that any that fall are common property. As they fall freely you can pick up armfuls as you go along. The ordinary mango is the size and colour of a smallish apple, but slightly flattened from side to side. Inside it is much more juicy, like a ripe plum with a big stone, and very sweet. Four or five will refresh and fill you on the driest walk, but even better refreshment are the giant mangoes, also plentiful, which are the size of a large grapefruit and even more luscious. They are known as "*embe dodo*" and one is enough for most people at a time.

Enough of fruit or you'll be saying it's sour anyway! You may be interested to hear, however, that we have passed the hottest of the hot weather, and I found it quite bearable, never really sticky and mostly quite pleasant—nothing like Mombasa or Zanzibar even in April. I don't think I've slept without a blanket since I came to Masasi, and I've never had to change during the day except at the end of a long *safari*.

We had a wonderful Christmas at Masasi, and our only regret was that the Bishop was away, having gone to Mchauru, which has no resident priest now. On Christmas Eve a big mail arrived, which put everyone in good spirits to start with. In the evening we sang Compline in church at the ordinary time, and then we all went up on a big flat rock that overlooks the cathedral and sang carols in the dark. About a hundred or more came up, many children and grown-ups with lanterns and we all sat round and sang for over two hours. We had all the old familiar tunes, "First Nowell," "Good King Wenceslas," "Good Christian men, rejoice," "A Virgin unspotted," "Adeste," etc.—with Swahili words of course. The night was still, and pitch dark, and for anyone down in the valley it must have been rather thrilling to see the lights up on the hillside and hear the singing, though I don't suppose our voices were exactly angelic.

About 10.30 we came down from the rock and the sleepy ones curled up on the floor of the cathedral. At 11.15 we sang Mattins and at Midnight the Christ-Mass began. The great cathedral was very impressive, lit only by candle-light and the lanterns of the congregation, since there is no permanent lighting. The warm glow of light in the sanctuary, the shadowy dimness of the aisles, the simple unaccompanied singing all seemed very fitting as we commemorated again the joyful mystery of the Incarnation. When we sang the "Gloria in excelsis" all the bells were rung, inside the church and out, big and small, pealed for all they were worth until we had finished singing. There were over one hundred communicants which was more than usual for the Midnight Mass, since Africans are seldom out-of-doors after dark. It was a very peaceful happy service, and you may be sure we prayed for Peace—peace for Africa and for the world.

Afterwards the Mission staff gravitated to the mess and had tea and biscuits and sweets and talked in a cheerful, sleepy, light-hearted way till about 2 a.m. Then we rolled into bed. In the morning there was the dawn Mass at 6 (for such as hadn't been up half the night!) and then the High Mass as on Sunday at 8 a.m. There were about a thousand people in church and again we sang carols and rejoiced and the bells were pealed once

more. The last carol ("Great joy to all") nearly lifted the roof. After the service the Crib was blessed and was visited by an endless stream of people, especially of course the children. It had been rather nicely made, like an ordinary African hut of grass and sticks, and the figures were new, sent out from England, beautifully done and all with black faces.

The number of communicants for the three services totalled 687, more than ever before at the cathedral and the reverence and devotion of the people was wonderful. People remarked that you could see the result of the faithful work of Father Thorne, who has now gone to be Bishop of Nyasaland. It was a great day.

After Mass the nurses and I went round the hospital, and Miss Smith (the senior nurse) produced presents for the patients, woolly balls for the smallest children, rubber balls for the boys, beads and necklaces for the women and girls, notebooks and pencils for children who could write, and a big coil of tobacco for the men. They were all thrilled and still more so when a fine big he-goat (10/- size) was presented to them and later slaughtered by the head dispenser and divided among the patients.

In the middle of all this the inevitable Christmas Day accident arrived. This time a very small child, who had been knocked down by a bicycle. It had been left standing in the road while the elder brothers and sisters were gathering mangoes: result, one broken leg. It was a very good child and I got the leg fixed up without difficulty.

In the evening we had our Christmas dinner, to which the District Officer and his sister, being the only white people in Masasi, apart from the Mission staff, were invited. The menu was: soup; roast stuffed saddle of goat; tinned plum-pudding with flames, but no holly; mince-pies and dessert. We felt we had done very well, thanks to nice people who had sent us the puddings, raisins, sweets, etc., etc.; even crystallized fruits and marrons glacés. After dinner the highbrows had a gramophone recital and the lowbrows played bridge. I was a highbrow for the occasion as it required less effort, and I felt that a comfortable chair and soft music were about all I was still equal to.

Since Christmas the outstanding event at Masasi has been the opening of the new hospital (out-patient building). It was a great relief to see it really finished at last and apparently sound. On the feast of the Epiphany, after the High Mass, the whole congregation went in procession from the cathedral to the



hospital, singing a litany. Then the building was perambulated, but, unlike Jericho, I'm glad to say the walls didn't fall down. The clergy then led the way in and the building was solemnly blessed and dedicated to the glory of God and the honour of All Saints. This dedication was specially chosen because so many of the patients (heathen) live in much constant fear of evil spirits and attribute all their illnesses thereto. The congregation then passed through after the clergy (such as wanted to, which was nearly all, as the new building was an object of great curiosity) and returned up the hill singing a hymn. When the old dispensary was reached the congregation was led to the back door thereof and each man, woman, or child received a bottle, stool, cupboard, box or other bit of equipment and carried it down to the new hospital. This was considered great fun and no one wanted to be out of it! Even the smallest children were

seen toddling along each solemnly clutching a small bottle. Everything arrived safely and we were "moved" completely in about half-an-hour! Then we set to and spent two days getting straight in our new palace. I need hardly say we didn't have the whole congregation in to help with that! On the third day we opened to the public and the public cautiously entered. Some of it came quite a long way to have a look and Miss Smith had to have a fence put up outside to keep the crowd back. The feeling of space, airiness, cleanliness and general satisfaction was wonderful after the stuffy old dispensary and its various tumbledown bamboo annexes. We all felt it, and Patriki, one of the dispensers (known as the "elephant" for various reasons) was noticed doing a sort of leap-frog over the youngest dresser, Vincent! The head dispenser got behind the "bar" window and was so pleased with himself, serving out drinks of medicine like pints of bitter that he couldn't be got to do anything else. The priest-in-charge looked in and wondered where all the patients were—they were there all right, but the unaccustomed space made them look very few.

Last week I began my pedestrian tour of all the medical stations except Namasakata (that being five days each way is not usually visited during the rainy season, unless something exceptionally urgent occurs). I walked first to Lulindi, where a very mild go of malaria delayed me over the week-end. Then I pushed on and climbed the precipitous Makonde escarpment to Newala, nearly 3,000 feet above sea-level. That visit was only a short one as I only went to see the Bishop about things. He is staying there at present.

The next day I returned ten miles by bike and then, leaving my bike to be carried to Lulindi, I continued on foot another twenty-five miles to Chidya. The first one and a half hours was through "tunnel" paths: narrow winding footpaths through dense bush about eight feet high. This sort of vegetation covers most of the Makonde plateau and trees are few. The tunnels wind and wriggle so that you can rarely see more than two or three yards ahead, and they are only just wide enough to walk unimpeded. The Maze at Hampton Court isn't in it! This sort of thing is quite amusing, and at least you get a good deal of shade from the sun. After one and a half hours we came out

into open forest, and began a long gradual descent, avoiding the escarpment and finally coming down into Majembe, the only parish that I had not yet visited in this diocese. It is a typical African village, set pleasantly among the Makonde foothills, with the usual long, low mud and thatch church, having a stone altar. The parish priest and the rest of his staff are all Africans, and he works very effectively in ways which seem strange but are really just African. He was out when I went to call, but came in later, and after sending me a large dish of red bananas, came and talked very entertainingly until I had to go. He had been counting on my staying the night and had killed a goat for dinner, but I had promised to reach Chidya and could not stop. He is very hospitable and I felt very sorry to disappoint him, so I promised to stay a night on my return journey. The rest of the way was a switchback path across little valleys with steep streams in the bottoms and fine views from the crests. I pushed on and reached Chidya about 6 p.m.

Here, at Chidya, I have been doing the annual inspection of the boys in the Central School and Training College—forty-three of them. There now remain only thirteen to do and meanwhile I've been enjoying the breezes and grand views of this hilltop station. I feel very fit in consequence.

On Thursday morning we heard a drum being beaten a little way off, meaning "a lion has been here." Apparently a man coming out of his house in the half-light saw, just outside, what he thought was a kudu. He promptly ran and called his friend and seizing their hoes and axes they went after what they thought would be a nice bit of meat. They spotted the "kudu" among the bushes and just as one of them went to hit it with his axe he saw it was a lion! So he refrained and the lion made off. In the afternoon the lion turned up again and sat in a field between the Mission station and the village shop (which are about three hundred yards apart). It became an object of great interest and a lot of people came to have a look at it. It sat there until about 5.30, when the assistant master of the Central School decided it had better be shot. No one else had a rifle, so the crowd of onlookers, armed with axes, hoes and spears, bows and arrows, even sticks, made a ring and began to close in on the lion. They made such a row, however, that the lion didn't

wait to be shot, and suddenly darted through a gap in the ring. The master had no chance to shoot, which was just as well as I was busy in the little bamboo hut which is the hospital laboratory and was right in his line of fire! I was working in blissful ignorance of this, and when I thought it was about time to go and join in the hunt I found it was over—and the lion and self intact. Next day the lion turned up again and sat in some bushes by the village school, but it had ceased to be a novelty by then and interest waned. No one seems to know just where it went next, or when, but it hasn't been seen since. I saw a jackal the other day, and this evening I saw, and slew, a large black scorpion, the first I have seen.

Well, I think that must do for the present, and I can't say when I'll get time to write again.

My love to you all, and so to bed.

Manners and Customs

23rd June, 1936.

After a very long silence I have at last a chance to write to you again. Having been out here over a year now, and doing double duty for the last six months, I have been given a holiday, so I can now find time for letters . . .

Letter-writing is a fine art in Africa, and Africans who can write are usually prolific correspondents. Nowhere are African manners seen to better advantage. If I were to use the African style I should begin my letter thus:—

"To my dear relations and friends: Peace! And after this greeting I inform you that I am well. My only fears are for you. Are you all well? I hope you are by the mercies of God. Here we are all well and the news is good, but . . ." and then follows an account of the *real* state of things, good, bad or indifferent, for the letter must *always* begin as above. It would be very bad manners to say straight out that one was not well or that the news is bad: one must break it gently. If one is really in a *very* bad way it is permissible to say, "I am slightly well," or

"the news is slightly good," meaning it is absolutely rotten! However, after this formal beginning, one can open out and detail all the news at great length, finishing up with:

Peace be with you,

I who love you,

Stefano Makola (or some such name).

The same ritual holds for greeting anyone. Greetings vary, but round Masasi, where they are very polite, one is often greeted thus:

"I hold your feet!" "Thanks."

"Are you well?" "I am very well, and you, are you well?"

"Yes, I am well: what news of many days?" "Good: I do not know yours?"

"Only good. Have you been far?" "I have been to Luatala."

"What news of thereabouts?" "Good" (or, "All peaceful").

After that one discusses the true state of affairs, one's ailments, one's family, the weather, the crops, one's work, etc., etc. Finally, on parting, there is another bit of ritual:

"Well, we will talk." (i.e. another time.) "If we are granted."

"Be happy!" "Thank you."

As it is polite to converse thus with everyone you meet, life is a leisurely business. If you meet a man on a journey and you *really* can't stop to talk, you simply carry on the above sort of conversation as you walk on, not turning your head, but simply raising your voice, more and more, until you are mutually out of earshot! It doesn't matter either if the other man is a complete stranger. This constant exchange of news, news, news, accounts for the amazing way in which news gets about and everything is known everywhere in a very short time. Secrets are very difficult to keep in Africa.

That, however, is all by the way. In the five months since I last wrote, much has happened. Lent and Easter, Ascensiontide and Whitsun, have come and gone. The rains have finished and

the cool, bright sunny weather has come, just like an English summer or early autumn. The air is dry and fresh, the sky blue and cloudless, and life is very pleasant. For you must realize that the rainy season is the *hot* season and it is damp, sticky heat, even when the sun is clouded. This last rainy season, however, has been very moderate for heat, and I have been quite comfortable all through. At Masasi itself I don't think the thermometer ever reached 100° F. As Dr. Taylor has been on leave for six months, I have been kept *very* busy with all twelve dispensaries to visit and supervise, and all the organization to see to. From December 31st all roads are closed for cars, as they are under water in many places and over-grown with grass ten or twelve feet high. Nearly all the bridges are swept away and have to be rebuilt after the rains, and enormous holes in the roads have to be filled in. Often they are several feet deep. All this time therefore (until this month) I have had to walk everywhere, except in a few places where it was possible to bike. Walking during the rainy season is very interesting, though strenuous. Pushing through grass high above one's head is heavy work, and any time before 10 a.m. it is always *loaded* with dew, so that one is soon soaked to the skin. The rain itself doesn't give much trouble, as it usually comes in the afternoon, after one has reached one's destination.

In some places there is black mud, perhaps nearly a foot deep, and doesn't it stink! But it soon gets washed off, as there are always frequent streams and rivers to be forded, often well above the knees, or even deeper, and it isn't worth removing one's shoes and stockings, they dry as you walk in the sun.

Since January 9th I have walked and biked altogether 673 miles between stations, up to the middle of May. I usually stay a week or ten days at one station, and then move on, doing anything up to twenty-seven miles a day on foot, or more with the help of a bike. A day's walk usually brings one to the next station with a dispensary or hospital, but sometimes it may take two or three days from one to another. I enjoyed the walk from Lukwika to Lulindi; three days of twenty miles each, the first two being mostly through uninhabited forest. Each night we managed to reach one of the mission out-stations (but without dispensary) where I could stop in a house. These little rest-

houses vary a lot. In one I found an enormous pile of earth, left over from mudding an extension of the walls. I had hardly room to move or to sit down to supper, but there was just room to get into bed! At another place (on a different journey) I found the wooden bed was full of bugs, so I threw it out and spread my sleeping-mat on the floor, where I slept in peace. However, these things are all in the day's journey. African beds, incidentally, which we use on all our stations, are very simple in design. A bed consisting of four light poles, fairly springy, to form the frame, fixed into the tops of four short but strong legs. The poles are untrimmed, but the legs are usually shaped to some simple design. Across the frame is stretched a network of plaited grass cord. On top of this one lays one's grass mat and then the bedclothes. These beds are very comfortable; they have quite a lot of "give" in them, and are much cooler in hot weather than a bed with a mattress. They cost anything from sixpence to a shilling each! (to buy, not for a night's use only!).

On the journey I mentioned on the second day we crossed the Mbangala river, which during the rains is quite big. At our crossing place it was about fifty yards wide although the whole bed, which would fill up after a heavy rain, was perhaps 200 yards wide. At that place the river bed was very rocky, and we crossed at first a great expanse of flat slabs of rock, worn smooth with the force of the water and intersected by clear pools. The whole air was full of a steady roaring sound, and as we got closer we saw the river tumbling and foaming down a series of rocky cateracts and water-falls and swirling away, broad and strong, to join the great Ruvuma. It was the first really impressive river I had seen, and a great rocky crag rising up beyond, 1,000 feet or so, made a very fine setting. The crossing appeared formidable, but to my great surprise the water proved to be only up to my thighs, although the strong current made it a bit tricky, keeping one's balance, especially when one happened to tread on a loose boulder. However, I didn't sit down. And we reached the other side in safety, after which ensued a distinct anti-climax in the form of half-an-hour's hard pushing through reeds and grass that had grown up to twelve feet or more and then fallen criss-cross over the path. Often the proper path was

quite obscured and it was a case of pushing through wherever the stems were least entangled. The world was shut out from view, but nearby the river was roaring, for we had to follow its bank for some way. The sun beat down fiercely and a sickly stink rose up from the black mud and underfoot. I was very glad when at last the path climbed again and re-entered the forest. During these three days' walking I saw no white man and my company was Africans on the road and at the villages where we stopped at night. For that matter one never does meet any white people on these journeys although on a one-day journey there is usually one or more members of the English staff at the station one reaches at the end. It makes a pleasant change stopping the night, or perhaps a day and a night, at an entirely African village, perhaps three hours' walk from the nearest road. If it is an out-station there is an African teacher, who is always glad to see a visitor, and if it is the central station of a parish there is also an African priest, living simply among his people in his mud house with a large mud church and possibly an African deacon to help him. It is always a great encouragement to see these beginnings of a real African Church actually an accomplished fact, thriving happily, thoroughly adapted to rural African conditions, yet bearing constant witness to the Faith and thereby purifying those conditions and uplifting the people among whom it has taken root.

Now that Dr. Taylor has returned I shall have charge of half our medical district and she will have the other half. My half includes two hospitals (Lulindi and Luatala) and four dispensaries (Newala, Mahuta, Chilimba and Sindano), also a leper settlement (Mkaseka) near Lulindi, and seven leper dispensaries (Ndibwa, Lulindi, Majembe, Kanyimbi, Malatu, Mpwapwa, Mahuta) which are worked independently of the general dispensaries.

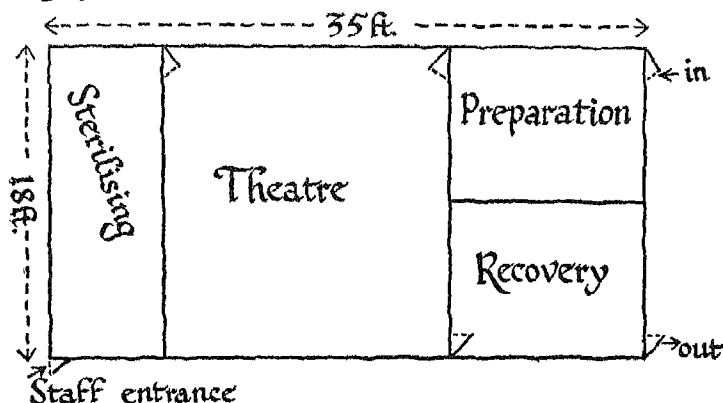
Lulindi will be my headquarters, but I shall only spend about ten days there each month and then go round the other places . . .

I am greatly looking forward to having my own district and I am already hatching schemes. The district includes all the Makonde plateau, where there are tremendous possibilities. The Wamakonde have recently begun to accept Christianity in

real earnest and a sort of mass-movement is sweeping the tribe after years of apparently fruitless effort by the Mission. The area is a large one and there is great scope for work in the remoter parts where the Faith is still unknown. We have already two dispensaries on the plateau (Newala and Mahuta) and we hope to build a hospital and open two more dispensaries. The Makonde plateau is about ten miles wide and forty miles long and all round it has an abrupt edge. To reach it means a terrific climb of 1,000 feet, ending with a regular precipice. There is a motor road up it at one place with an appalling gradient and a couple of most fearsome hairpin bends. The last time I came down it by car before the rains I was driving the big ambulance with half-a-dozen passengers. It had rained in the night and the hard clay surface of the road was beautifully slippery. I was in bottom gear, but even so I had to use the brake on the first hairpin. In a moment all four wheels were skidding and the heavy ambulance was sliding sideways towards the edge . . . I just had to let go the brake and let her run! The skid brought us round the end of the hairpin and on the subsequent straight bit (about one in four gradient), I managed to brake again very gently, just enough to negotiate the second hairpin. It wasn't very nice! Below the hill is an outcrop of marble, extending several miles. Great chunks project through the road surface, some of them a foot high. They are all over the road, and it is like driving over a rockery. The marble is said to be very good marble, but no one quarries it, and personally I don't appreciate it.

At Lulindi the other day the operating theatre suddenly fell down, but no one was hurt. It was only a bamboo building, so it was soon cleared away, and now we are building a proper operation-block. As usual, I have to be architect and builder, but that ensures that I get what I want, and while I am away Father James is kindly carrying on with the building. We are having walls of sun-dried mud bricks, with a floor of stone and the usual grass roof. Novel features are to be a ceiling of sugar-cane board (it will be the only ceiling in the district!), proper ventilation through air filters, glass windows, and permanent lighting from two paraffin-vapour lamps, inverted type, each of 400 candle power. There is to be a sterilizing room at one end and two ante-rooms at the other, one for preparation of patient,

anæsthetic, etc., and one for recovery of same. The plan is roughly this:



It is all very exciting, especially to see how economically it can be built. We have had a gift of £110 to build it, but I hope to do the job for £60 or £70 and save a bit for other necessary buildings.

I have been staying a week at Minaki, one of our training colleges, where a medical school has been started by Dr. Gibbons (of Zanzibar diocese). At present we have only one student there from Masasi diocese, but I have been making arrangements to send some more, as we badly need properly qualified assistants. At present all our African dispensers and dressers are unqualified. They are splendid chaps, but have only learnt by rule of thumb and their capabilities are rather limited, some very much so! The new Minaki-trained men will be almost doctors, and will be able to take charge of out-stations and cope with all that comes. I am looking forward to having them, you may be sure.

For those who like figures, here are a few from last year's statistics: total number of new patients for all our twelve dispensaries and hospitals, 26,519; patients visited at home, 754. This does not include the 30,000 people we vaccinated during the smallpox epidemic, but includes the 130 cases of smallpox we visited two or three times a week. Our total staff is now two doctors, ten nurses (including four C.S.P. Sisters) and 27 African assistants for general work, besides one nurse and three

African assistants occupied entirely with leper work. Another time I'll tell you about the great expansion of the leper work we are at present undertaking. (N.B.—The above figure of 26,519 does not include the patients attending the leper dispensaries: I have not their number by me, but I believe their *attendances* during the year were over 7,000, and new patients are coming steadily. How we can expand our general medical work is a problem. It is urgently needed and must be done, but the money? We shall have to go on in faith and pray that the money will come.

This letter seems to be getting unduly long; forgive me if I am tedious. I must just add that we rejoiced greatly at Easter because the Chief who rules Masasi neighbourhood, after many years obduracy, returned to the Faith. He put away his four or five wives and returned very humbly and penitently. He is a big chief and an educated and thinking man, of real character and much respected, so everyone was very glad. The human agent of his conversion was old Canon Reuben Namalowe, the most diligent and faithful of our African priests, who worked and prayed ceaselessly for this object for years. He is naturally very happy now. You would like Canon Reuben. He is fat and fatherly with short grey, frizzy hair and a genial face. There is a perpetual twinkle in his eye, behind his gold spectacles, and he has a tremendous sense of humour. His stories are endless and he will talk as long as you care to listen, but his stories become so involved that they are very difficult to follow. He is getting old now, but is still untiring in his parochial and evangelistic work. He has charge of the large parish of Nanyindwa, with many out-stations. At Nanyindwa itself we have a small dispensary in charge of an African dispenser, who is also an elder of the church and much respected! Dr. Taylor visits there from time to time, but otherwise it is an all African parish.

I am staying now at Kideleko in Zanzibar diocese with Neil Russell. I never thought to see him out here, but owing to the length of holiday I have been given, and also to the fact that a holiday for me is impossible anywhere in Masasi diocese as I am too well known there, I have been able to come here. It is a nice place and Neil is very well, though a little tired and looking forward to his leave in August.



“Oranges and Lemons”

23rd January, 1938.

THE voyage back to Africa was so tedious that I shall say nothing about it. The way is long and the ship slow, and when you have done it once you have seen the sights. We reached Tanga on Christmas Eve, so I landed with a view to spending Christmas with Neil. The train for Mazinde did not leave for some hours, so I waited at the Mission. After lunch I was offered a bed to rest on and gladly accepted. In half a minute I was covered with small crawling things which I brushed off idly thinking they were just “*dudus*.” They kept on coming, hundreds of them, and suddenly I perceived they were fleas! I spent the next two hours getting rid of them, during which I caught something like 200 on my clothes, my person and the bath-room floor. Meanwhile two other men were dealing with the bed, where doubtless hundreds more perished. Later we

found that the Sisters' cat had been bringing up a herd of kittens on the bed, quite unofficially. I suppose they moved when the bed got too hot for them! Anyhow I lost my afternoon rest! At 6.30 I boarded the night mail train which runs twice a week to Arusha. It is old German rolling stock, heavy caravans which bump and bang and sway on the narrow gauge lines, at the enormous speed of about 30 miles an hour—sometimes. There are open connections between the cars, and as you cross from one to another you get a shower of soot down your neck. However, that is better than the shower of live sparks that you got until recently when the engines burnt wood instead of coal. The carriage windows are fitted with mosquito-wire shutters, but these had all been carefully shut *after* the mosquitoes had already got in, and the whole train was humming with them. So a man came round with a flit-gun which certainly subdued the mosquitoes, but also kept the passengers in the corridor for some time and nearly choked us when we returned. The night was hot and carriage lighting dim. The comfort of a second class carriage was far behind an English third. The train stopped at every station, being the "mail." (The ordinary trains stop *between* stations as well, whenever anyone holds his hand up!) At small stations we waited ten minutes: at big stations anything up to half-an-hour. At 8 p.m. dinner was served. It was quite good, and included a real Christmas pudding in flames. The meals are not provided by the railway company, but by an Indian who rents the dining-car and makes what he can out of it. After dinner I slept a bit and at last we reached Mazinde station at 12.20 a.m. on Christmas morning. Nearly six hours for one hundred miles! Mazinde station was in total darkness save for two hurricane lamps by the light of one of which two belated revellers were giving a concert on an accordion and a piece of old iron. "They are drunk," said someone. The train hooted and crawled away into the darkness. The band got up and went home, after first giving an unsolicited encore in the stationmaster's office. I looked around and found two or three people who were going towards the Mission, one being a teacher. We set off in pitch darkness and walked about a quarter of an hour between sisal plantations. There was no moon but a magnificent blaze of stars in a velvet sky, against which were dimly outlined the shapes

of huge mountains on either side. We came on the church rather suddenly—a small thatched building under the stars, light streaming from a few small windows, and all else in darkness. Suddenly a burst of singing—"O come, all ye faithful" in Swahili. It might indeed have been Bethlehem. The Midnight Mass was just over, and soon Neil and his people came out of church and we wished each other a happy Christmas and turned into bed. In the morning the church was packed to the doors for a very happy service and I have never seen an African congregation so reverent, in spite of the crush. Neil gave us a long sermon, although it was Christmas Day, but it was a good one. He is very well and very happy in his new job. He is now on the very edge of Zanzibar diocese, the remotest parish, where there has never been a church or a resident priest before.

Mazinde is in a fertile valley with 4,000 feet mountains on one side (the Usambara) and the Zigua highlands on the other. It is a beautiful spot, though pretty warm at this time of year. I stayed two days and then returned to Tanga to catch the "Dumra" down the coast to Lindi. We called at Zanzibar and Dar-es-Salaam, but the captain would not stop at Lindi and took us on to Mikindani, where the ship turned round after unloading and then called at Lindi on the return journey. This wasted nearly a day so I had to spend the night at Lindi. The rest-house there is even more dilapidated than ever. The veranda had been removed as a dangerous structure and the whole place was full of dust and rubbish. However, there were no kittens nor fleas! Next morning I got a lorry to Masasi and awoke about 5 p.m. There had been little rain and the road was good, but the engine kept failing from blockage in the petrol pipe.

It was very good to be back again after so long a journey and I found Masasi much the same as ever. I was very glad to meet two of the six new African priests who were ordained in September. The rains have been very late this year and very light so far, so I was lucky enough to get a car to Lulindi, or at least to the last river, which is only about a mile away. It was very good to see all the old faces again, and also to go round the hospital and find walking about a boy (who had been so badly mauled by a crocodile that when I went home he had already been three months in splints), not only walking, but so fat that I didn't know him. Another patient, whose leg I cut

off, a Muhammadan woman, was still in hospital, but walking about and receiving Christian teaching and hoping for baptism. Her children are all attending our school, too. Our first properly certificated African "dispenser" has arrived and is doing very well. They are being trained at our Medical School at Minaki, near Dar-es-Salaam. The name "dispenser" is misleading, as they do far more than dispense. They are really junior doctors. Miss Bell also has two girls in training as nurses. This is a great advantage, as hitherto all our African staff at Lulindi have been men and boys. The most encouraging part of the work, however, is the maternity department, which is growing amazingly. The people in these parts are shy of English nurses for this particular job, but they are coming so well that last year the Lulindi nurses attended between 70 to 80 confinements, many of them in hospital. This is nearly twice as many as the best previous year, and a tremendous advance.

I only stayed at Lulindi long enough to get unpacked and then came on here to Newala to begin systematic work. It is nice and cool here at 2,300 feet, even at this time of year. I am doing a fortnight here and then will return to Lulindi and do a systematic fortnight there and then the same at Luatala. We have just opened a new dispensary at Mkunya, about eight miles from Newala, so I went there on Tuesday. The people are coming in good numbers, and it is serving a district hitherto without medical aid. The next day I went to the dispensary at Mahuta, and the following day to Tandahimba, where we have a new leper-clinic and where I hope to have a general dispensary, making a total of three in Newala district. Tandahimba means lake-of-lions in Chimakonde, and I saw the lake but no lions. The lake is very pretty, about a quarter of a mile long and covered with blue water-lilies. There were wild duck of all sorts on it and some herons and bright yellow weaver-birds, just like canaries, with fascinating basket-nests hung up on the tops of reeds. The whole place is surrounded by rich forest with fine big trees and bright green grass, quite different from most of the Makonde country, which is just one endless bush of impenetrable scrub. I called on the local chief, who has already become a patient at our leper-clinic, and on parting he sent me a present of mangoes, which was very welcome. There is a lot of work waiting to be done in that part of the diocese, which is thirty-

forty miles from Newala. Here at Newala itself we are enlarging and rebuilding the hospital, which until last year was only a dispensary. With the new buildings here and the new dispensary at Lulindi I shall have a busy building programme this year as soon as the rains stop.

Last Saturday morning I was awakened at 4 a.m. by a very urgent message from Lulindi. A young woman was in serious distress unable to give birth to her child. The messenger had taken six hours to reach Newala and I knew the case only too well, so I shoved on my clothes and legged it as fast as I could go, expecting to find a dead baby almost for certain and possibly a dead mother too. I covered the fifteen miles in just over four hours and arrived full of forebodings. As I approached the Mission I saw an old lady hoeing her plot a little way off. She looked up, grinned broadly and called out, "It's a girl!" I could hardly believe it, so asked how the mother was. "Oh, she's all right!" she replied. Apparently the baby had arrived unaided at 2 a.m., contrary to all expectations, so I had come down for nothing. However, I was much relieved and ate a large breakfast. Next day I returned here and lost my fountain pen on the way.

The ambulance which acts as my car has been re-engined, but unfortunately the transmission went wrong on the way back from the garage at Lindi, so I have not been able to use it yet. It is sitting forlornly under a mango tree outside my door, waiting for an Indian mechanic from Mahuta to come and put it right. If he doesn't come soon I shall tackle it myself.

Going down to Lulindi on the journey just described I saw a new kind of snake, a green mamba. There was a lot of it and it was draped artistically across the path from one side to the other like Christmas decorations. There was no way round, so I had to go underneath it, which I did with very much the feeling of playing oranges and lemons. Fortunately the snake did not know the game and stayed put! It just gave me a stony look and disappeared soon after. It was the most vivid green all over, too good to be true, and certainly too beautiful to be good. Since then I have seen two more of them, strangely enough, but both dead.

That I think must do for news for this letter. Before closing may I say how much the bandages, swabs, rag, blankets, quilts,

etc., were appreciated. Thank you very much indeed and all who have helped with them and with other things. We are still in need of rags and bandages (and always will be) if anyone has time to see to them and will be very grateful for them. And of course for blankets and quilts if anyone has time for *them*. But please put a plain backing on the quilts (unlined). The Office has particulars of all needs, if anyone doesn't know.

Of Many Things

26th May, 1938.

It is quite time I wrote to you again, and to-day being Ascension Day the hospital is closed except for urgent cases, so I have a chance to write. Behind me on the floor is my Primus stove, roaring its hardest while my chief African assistant is trying with its aid, a hammer and a flat stone, to straighten the cranks of his bicycle which he appears to have bent with furious riding! He is a very strong man, but even so I don't quite know how he managed it!

In front of me is a group of five small black faces, pressed against the bars of the unglazed window and watching with tremendous interest the wonder of the Primus stove. They have been playing on the veranda with two toy motor-cars (clock-work variety) for the last hour or two with huge delight, but the Primus is something new—or perhaps it is the attraction of watching someone else working.

The rainy season is now over and we are looking forward to six months of dry weather. Actually the rains have been very light this year, and at one time a serious famine threatened. However we got just enough rain in the end, though in some places there is still a shortage of food—notably along the Ruvuma valley, where the crops failed almost completely and the people are now living on an exclusive diet of monkey nuts, with disastrous effects on their innards. There is absolutely no food reserve in these parts (except cassava, where it has been planted, and that's poor food), and if the millet crop fails, it

means people just go hungry for months on end. They eat leaves, roots and wild fruits—hard and bitter mostly—and some just die

I was at Luatala in February when there had been no rains for days, and none to speak of for weeks, and the situation was getting desperate, for a few days of African sun on young seedlings, without any rain, and they are finished. We had naturally been praying for rain, but when at the beginning of March there was still no sign of it, the chief came to see the priest-in-charge and said he would call up all his people to make a united effort; "even the Moslems will come," he said. So besides the continual offering of prayers for rain, a day was fixed for the perambulation, and at about 7 a.m., after Mass, the clergy and teachers set out from the church accompanied by the chief and all his people, even including a big crowd of Moslems and heathen. The Cross led the way, and saying the Litany as they went, the procession passed through the fields and made a wide circuit of the various local hamlets, at each of which they stopped to say prayers, and then on again. From the chief's own village, on the crest of a hill, the priest-in-charge blessed the land to north, south, east and west. The crowd following was enormous and the day scorching hot before they reached the church again. Three days later the rain poured down and the crops were saved.

The ambulance on which I had been depending for getting about during this coming dry season is as good as dead, I am sorry to say. A new part arrived for the transmission, but it proved to be the wrong part and then I found that the lights had been turned on during the daytime, by some children presumably, and left on, so the battery was dead. Meanwhile the tyres got tired and just sat down, so I offered the corpse for sale and was glad to accept ten pounds from an Indian shop-keeper. The Archdeacon of Masasi, who is going on leave shortly, has very kindly offered me the use of his car while he is away, and as this will cover almost the whole of the dry season I am all right until next year.

I have not done so much walking as usual this rainy season, as various causes have kept me mostly in one place, especially the serious shortage of nurses. Lulindi hospital, my headquarters, has a daily average of 40 to 50 in-patients, 100 or more out-

patients, 50 lepers in a colony one and a half miles away, and a constant stream of maternity cases; and for all this there has been for the past six weeks only one English nurse available, and she only seven months out from England. Of the African staff *only one is fully trained and certificated*: all the rest need constant supervision, not to mention systematic teaching.

I got away, however, just before Easter, for a couple of days smallpox-hunting. There were reports of cases scattered about in various villages, and probably a good many more hidden, so the only thing was to go and see. Behold me, therefore, setting out at 4 a.m. with a hurricane lamp and a Black Bag, accompanied by my faithful Simon and a porter—a hefty man with a squint and a broad grin. On the porter's head is a fifty-pound load made up of various articles tied together with yards of grass-rope. There is first my sleeping mat, rolled up and containing my blanket and mosquito-net. There is also Simon's sleeping-mat rolled up around its inner mysteries. Then there is a woven-grass basket (a sort of wide bass) containing cooking and eating utensils, reduced to the minimum, and essential food. This is covered with my canvas bath and canvas water-bucket, and there is also my rucksack containing a change of clothes and other essentials, not forgetting the two clockwork motors to entertain the children (and others) in strange villages. The load is completed with a large bundle of maize-cobs belonging to the porter himself, and various odds and ends.

The grass at this time of year is over six feet high, and in the early morning is drenched with dew, so that a walk is rather like a continuous cold shower. Also the grass seeds are ripe and their long needles stick in one's clothing and skin until you feel like a pin-cushion.

I went from village to village, according to what information I could collect. At two different places the people had been concealing smallpox and withholding information, but in each case the cat was let out of the bag by talkative people at the previous village! Altogether the first day I found cases at four different places, and covered about twenty-five miles. That night I slept in a little rest-hut on the slopes of Hûwe (pronounce it if you can!), a great rocky hill that is a landmark for miles. In the morning a crowd of people appeared, wanting to be vaccinated, and with various aches and pains, so we did not get off very

early. That day we only covered about sixteen miles, but I found in one village no less than twenty-one unreported cases, so it was by no means a blank day. We finished up by losing the way on a path that I thought I knew well, but it was dark and the grass very long and thick. We eventually reached Luatala about eight p.m.

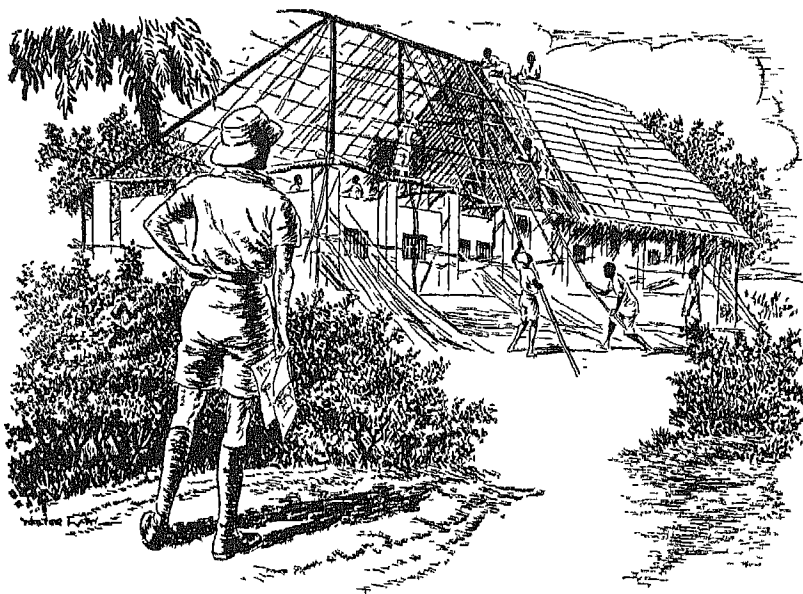
There is still a lot of smallpox beyond Luatala, in the other direction, so I shall have to make another tour, as soon as I am free to leave Lulindi (i.e., when another nurse arrives).

We continue to be busy in the hospital, with a great variety of diseases. A boy whose femur was chewed by a crocodile, is doing very well and can now walk without crutches. From time to time I remove pieces of dead bone from his leg, but I think it is nearly finished now. Last week, one night, a small boy was brought in with meningitis in an advanced state. I did the lumbar-puncture and found that the germ was a particularly deadly one, hitherto always fatal, but cures have recently been reported in just such cases by the use of a new drug injected into the spinal canal. It is a very expensive drug and our little stock was already exhausted, but I knew there was some (a very little) at Masasi. However, for a man to go to Masasi and back would take at least fourteen hours and the child would be dead. But, as I have already mentioned, my chief African assistant is a great cyclist and he was willing to go for it. He set off at 1 a.m. and a pitch-dark night for a ride of fifty-eight miles along foot-paths and tracks that in England would be thought bad even for walking. The way is beset with rocks, sand, drifts, swamps, pot-holes and numerous unbridged streams and rivers. There is also a chance of meeting a leopard anywhere at night, or even a lion. At Masasi he only stopped long enough to collect the precious drug and set off again. At 10.30 a.m. he came riding furiously into the hospital, streaming with sweat and covered with grass seeds. We injected the drug at once, and watched anxiously for improvement, but the child was too far gone, and when I was about to repeat the injection a few hours later he died. I shall never forget Imanueli's effort, particularly heroic as he knew all along it would probably be fruitless.

We have had a wonderful Easter, both here and throughout the diocese. Lent was better kept than ever before, and likewise Holy Week, with a real increase of devotion and a very marked

increase in almsgiving. This is most encouraging as we are often tempted to wonder when the Church in this land will ever become self-supporting. On Easter Day there were 900 communicants at the parish church alone, and it was a very happy Festival.

I meant to tell you about the swallows who have been nesting in my house and teaching their young to fly in my front room, and about the spitting cobra I killed under my bed, and why the green snake wasn't a mamba, and a number of other things, but I seem to have been too long-winded already, so I must stop. Next time I hope to tell you something of the extensive building operations which are just beginning and should, by then, be in full swing.



Clerk-of-the-Works

Begun August, finished September 18th, 1938.

I SUPPOSE you are mostly having holidays now and I hope you are enjoying them. Strange to say, August is also the traditional holiday month here in Africa, but for different reasons. The harvest is all finished, so there is no work in the fields. The tall grass is all burnt down, so it is easy to get about, and it is the coolest month in the year, and the easiest time for travelling to see one's relations. Consequently it is a time for much social activity. Large quantities of millet beer are brewed (and drunk), and there is dancing, not exactly of the ballroom variety, every night.

The climate at this time of the year is very pleasant. Every day is bright and fine, and no hotter than an English summer day. The mornings and evenings are cool and fresh and there is always a breeze. The leaves have gone from the trees, but this serves to reveal all sorts of unexpected beauties, such as distant hills seen from a new aspect, or huge rocks normally buried in

greenery. Even the leafless forest itself is strangely attractive in the long rays of the morning or evening sunlight, shining silver, soft greys, and a little gold with the red earth below. It is not so good as a birchwood in winter sunlight—I doubt if anything could be—but it has a real loveliness and something a little unearthly about it.

At present my chief activity is building, a diversion which can only be practised in the dry season (i.e. from May to November) and which therefore overshadows all else until the year's programme is finished. At the end, even so, it is often a race with the rain, which may come a month early and upset all one's plans. This year I am building a new out-patient block at Lulindi, and a similar one at Newala, and also four new "private" wards at Lulindi, and various odds and ends. Newala and Lulindi are twenty miles apart, and as I have to be my own architect, builder and clerk-of-the-works, I am kept busy. Without a "dicky" and a bowler hat I don't quite feel the part, nor have I a little wooden office on wheels, but no matter. I have about a dozen bricklayers working on the job and a similar number of labourers. They are a cheery lot and the foreman can really use a square and spirit level efficiently. He does so sometimes. Most of the others work by the light of nature, occasionally making some magic passes with the spirit level just as a matter of form. It looks well, but does not affect the work!

Nearly all our materials are local. The walls are built of sun-dried bricks set in ordinary mud, so the first work is to make a brickfield, the requirements for which are a large accumulation of ant-earth, a nearby water-hole, and a large shelter in which to dry the bricks. This last is simply a crazy erection of sticks and grass and serves to keep the bricks in the shade for the first few days, otherwise they crack. After four days in the shade they are put in the sun for a month, by the end of which time they are baked so hard that they "ring" when struck like a true-burnt brick. Our brickfield at Lulindi is half-a-mile from the hospital, as the best ant-earth is found there, so a lot of men were needed to carry in the bricks—on their heads as usual. All the school children in the parish also helped carry bricks, thus earning free medical attention for a year. They came in, one school at a time, and thoroughly enjoyed themselves—much more fun than arithmetic.

At Newala, however, the problem was more serious as there is no water at all, not a drop nearer than some wells more than three miles away and 1,000 ft. downhill, and therefore the brickfield had to be down by the wells. (All the water needed for drinking at Newala has to be carried up on heads or shoulders. The people there don't wash except when they go to the well.) Now the bricks are being carried up all the way by a gang of 100 men. I simply put the job in the hands of the local chief, offering him two cents per brick delivered at Newala hospital, and he is doing the rest. There are 35,000 bricks, so the contract is quite a good thing for him and his people.

Our brickmakers, incidentally, are pretty expert workers, using a double mould each of them can turn out about 250 bricks an hour if adequately supplied with mud. The mud for setting the bricks is made in a pit close to the building site, and is a mixture of ant-earth and sand. It sets incredibly hard and I have seen a bricklayer bend his trowel in chipping away a piece of bad work!

The floors are stone, set in cement, and for this the stone can be picked up loose in slabs on the hill-side by the brick-field at Lulindi. I have men to collect it in piles, and each pile I shift by car as occasion offers—one of the advantages of a box-body car. The roof will be thatch at Lulindi, so I have had people bringing in grass for thatching, 1,500 bundles, and bamboos for the framework in large numbers. Grass costs 1/- for fifteen bundles, and bamboos 1/- for ten bundles of fifteen each, the bamboos being 15-20 feet long and an inch or more thick. For the rafters and beams of the roof a gang of seven men have been bringing in fine dry trees from the forest, and these are now being cut and fitted together by the carpenter. Doors and windows have already been made, and for them it was first necessary to order all the wood, every plank cut by hand as there is no saw-mill in these parts. Each hospital needed about seventy planks, which were cut by two gangs of men.

Things like cement, whitewash, wire-netting, glass, locks, etc., must be bought at Lindi, 130 miles away, and also corrugated iron for the roof at Newala for catching rain-water. So next week I go to Lindi to buy all these things.

Lulindi dispensary will be 64 feet long and 36 feet wide, with a large veranda in front as a waiting-room. It is somewhat

similar to the out-patient block I built at Masasi three years ago, but the design has been altered in accordance with the experience gained then. Lulindi already has its operating block, built in 1936, in the same style, and enough houses for seventy patients. Half these houses, however, are only built of bamboo and grass. This is cheap—6/- a time—but they let in the wind and the rain and even things like leopards, so I have now condemned them, and we are gradually replacing them with nice mud houses with three windows each, a door, a stone floor, and a veranda. They are about twice as large and will hold four beds comfortably. The cost of each such "private" ward is 35/-, but I think the extra cost is well worth while, and anyhow the bamboo huts only last two years. We don't have general wards, as they are not popular here, and anyhow they are not convenient when each patient is being looked after by his relations. We have, however, built central kitchens and the relations will in future be forbidden to cook on the floors of the houses. Also the provision of hot-water bottles has now made it unnecessary to light fires under the patients' beds.

The provision of a fence around the hospital will complete this year's plans at Lulindi, but another year I hope to build better maternity houses and new women's dispensary for the ante-natal and child-welfare clinics, which are growing rapidly, and have at present temporary accommodation in a disused store. So there is still plenty to do, and even more at Newala, as there the operating theatre is only a mud house and that is being eaten by white ants.

Well, that is quite enough for the present about building, except that I find it great fun. Hospital work usually slackens off at this time of year, but this year Lulindi hospital has remained full and shows no signs of emptying, although out-patients are decreased.

Surgery is becoming steadily more popular, and it has now become necessary to set aside one morning a week for operating, besides emergencies which of course may come at any time. This is a great advance, as in 1936 I only averaged two operations a month. Recently I have even had to refuse two patients who *wanted* an operation which was not advisable. So we are coming on. The new operation-block, built in 1936, is proving a great success and has received favourable comments

from various visitors (Government and so forth). However, with increased use it is scarcely large enough. The actual theatre is amply big enough, but the instrument and sterilizing room is too cramped, and I think next year I shall have to add another room to remedy this.

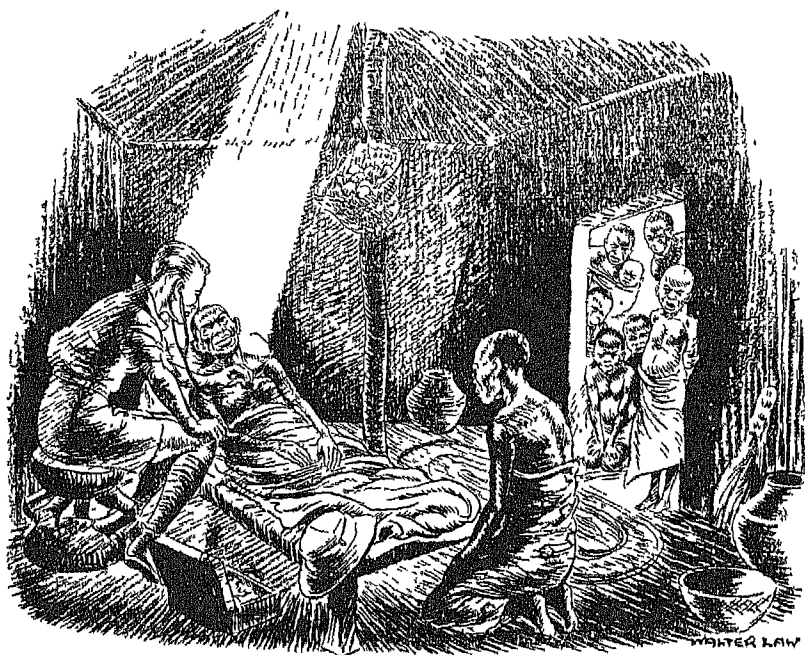
Our new dispensary at Chihako, thirty miles from Lulindi, is proving a success, though so far I have not been able to manage more than a visit alternate months for three or four days. Later I hope to put a resident African dispenser there. I went out in July by car for the first time, the two intervening rivers being quite dry by then and had a very pleasant time among simple friendly people. They belong to the Mawia tribe, who have more artistic inclination than any of the other tribes round here. That is to say they wear hardly any clothes and tattoo their bodies from head to foot. They file their teeth to points and the women pierce their upper lip and insert a large ebony and silver disc, the size and shape of a large cotton reel. Both men and women wear silver earrings, silver bangles, and brightly coloured beads, and they cut their hair in curious shapes, somewhat reminiscent of an ornamental box-brush. They are very clever at carving ebony, and amazingly expert with bow and arrows, with which they hunt and kill lions. They are not popular with other tribes, however, as they are said to be habitual thieves, and also to indulge in fierce blood-feuds leading to frequent murders. However they are very attractive in many ways, and have been eager to accept Christianity wherever they have had the opportunity, often with great devotion.

While at Chihako I walked down to the Ruvuma river which is close by, and forms the International Boundary between Tanganyika Territory and Portuguese East Africa. The last part of the way was along the dry bed of the Miesi river, a tributary, and the whole river bed was dotted with footprints of lions, hippos, elephants, and all manner of smaller animals. The elephant footprints were grotesque—quite as big as an ordinary washbasin. They had to be seen to be believed. The Ruvuma itself was a magnificent sight. I had often seen it from the hill-tops afar off, but even so I was amazed at its size and beauty. From bank to bank it was nearly half a mile wide, the water clear blue and flowing swiftly between banks of silver sand.

Tumbled rocky hills and forest come right down to the water's edge, and in mid-stream is an occasional wooded island.

The next day at Chihako a whirlwind wrecked the school and missed the church by inches. The school roof just went straight up in the air and came down all over the playground. It looked very funny, and as nobody went up with it, it was all right. The teacher went at once to the chief, and said, "an enemy has just spoilt the school, will you please build us a new one?" The whirlwind went twirling away across the playground, with all the dogs barking at it and disappeared in someone's plantation.

On the way back from Chihako to Luatala we were cut off by a forest fire, which was raging right across the road. I ran the car back to a safe place and then we fought the fire with branches of trees for half-an-hour or so, until there was a clear stretch of road. I rushed the car though, and the rest of the journey was uneventful.



Day by Day

1st December, 1938.

I HOPE this will reach you in time to wish you all a very happy Christmas and if you like snow I hope you will get it. But I can assure you that Christmas is really much better with all the trees in fresh green, and brilliant flowers, scarlet, yellow, purple and white in full blossom. But I don't suppose you will agree!

I have not had time to write a proper letter this time, so by way of a change I am simply giving you an extract of my diary for last month. (No! I haven't grown so virtuous that I keep a diary regularly; I simply jotted this down as material for a letter!) There is inevitably too much "I" about it, but I promise you I won't make a habit of this diary business. So here you are:—

Monday, October 24th. Left Newala for Lulindi. Arrived at 8.30 a.m. and found everything at a standstill owing to a

wedding just coming out of church with much firing of guns, singing and dancing. Dealt with a crowd of patients in hospital, including a good many of the wedding guests who had dropped in, until at 10.15 a.m. the Bishop of Nyasaland arrived from Masasi with Dr. Taylor. Drove the Bishop to Luatala for lunch, saw a few patients and returned to Lulindi for tea. Bishop impressed with new hospital buildings, especially roof. Changed cars with Dr. Taylor as hers looked incapable of reaching Nyasaland intact. Departure of Bishop and Dr. Taylor for Masasi and Lake Nyasa.

Tuesday, October 25th. Operation day: two operations booked; one patient's father consented but didn't turn up; the other patient's father turned up but would not consent, so both operations postponed. Spent a busy morning in hospital and on buildings. Afternoon left in Dr. Taylor's car for monthly visit to Chihako. Stopped at Luatala for tea and to pick up medicine chest. Car making curious noises, reminiscent of an old English "light railway" (e.g. Southwold or Selsey) with that same fore-and-aft oscillation. Proceeded sedately and arrived safely at Chihako about sunset. Saw a flock of enormous guinea fowl on the way—they just stood and stared—also a pair of huge wart-hogs who trotted briskly across the road, twenty yards in front, tails in air and manes erect, then turned to look at us.

Wednesday, October 26th. Good crowd of patients at dispensary at 8 a.m., but early prospects not maintained, grand total thirty only. Some had walked six hours to get there. Although numbers are still small there are signs that this new station should prove worth while when there is a resident dresser. Afternoon; attempted repair of car. Front cross-member of chassis badly cracked, radius rods loose and clattering, and cover of universal joint loose and oscillating violently. Succeeded in tightening cover temporarily; got very dirty and went off to bathe in Ruvuma with four small boys. Water getting very shallow by this time of year, nowhere more than 2-3 feet deep, but just enough to swim in, clean and warm with a strong current. Had a long bathe, a run on the sand and returned to the Mission by dusk. Lions all on holiday.

Thursday, October 27th. Patients not so early nor so many. Some had arrived overnight from many miles away in Portu-

guese East Africa, but had never seen a white man, and when the time came their courage failed them, and they went home again unseen and untreated! Booked a neighbouring chief for operation at Lulindi—he *may* arrive—and caused a sensation by producing a photograph of the local chief and family taken on a previous visit. Got away at 10.15 a.m., leaving a dresser to "follow up" for a few days, and steered for Mikindani, 130 miles away. Car behaved well for about a mile, but the rough road (just a pair of ruts through the forest) soon loosened up all the trouble again, and by Luatala we were rattling and grinding horribly. Decided further repairs would take too long, so pushed on cautiously and reached Newala (1,500 feet higher) for lunch, without mishap. After lunch continued on a "good" road for 30 miles to Tandahimba, where a rear tyre burst with astonishing violence: twelve inch rent in a new inner tube and the hub-disc went flying off into a field! The noise brought out one of our nurses who was waiting to be picked up. Told her the car was likely to break up and must spend an hour or so on repairs if we were to reach Mikindani at all. At this point an Indian lorry providentially appeared, going to Mikindani and looking quite new, so packed nurse on it and turned back to Newala. Car now became rapidly worse and after only eight miles it was almost at a standstill and emitting the most horrible noises. Crawled on another mile at 5 m.p.h. and turned into Mission at Nanhyanga. Found Father Emilius in occupation and a very convenient pit in front of the house, excavated at some time for building material, i.e., mud. Ran car over pit, prepared patient (car) for operation, and went to bed.

Friday, October 28th. As church was being entirely rebuilt and had reached stage resembling a giant birdcage, Father Emilius said Mass in front room of teacher's house. Delightful and homely sight of teacher's youngest child, stark naked, crawling happily across the floor from Mother, in the congregation, to Father serving at the altar. This is a strongly Moslem district, with no Christians as yet, but the two teachers and their families, so these with Simon and myself formed the congregation. After breakfast stripped to the waist and got in the pit. Wrestled with universal joint for 3½ hours, but finally victorious. Intense interest throughout on part of a small crowd

of children, to detriment of school attendance. By 11.30 was nearly as black as they were, had a stand-up bath and returned to Newala, car running fairly well.

Saturday, October 29th. Inspected new hospital buildings and had serious argument with a carpenter re disposition of beams. Adjourned the matter and was busily dealing with patients when a messenger arrived from Luatala; had been walking since 1 a.m. and lost the way. Message reported a "crocodile case" needing urgent attention, so left remaining patients to Sister and set off for Luatala. Found the patient was a child, who while stooping down to wash in the river had been slashed in the face by a crocodile's tail which had torn his nose half off down to the bone, ripped up his cheek into the mouth and crushed his lower jaw into three pieces. The general effect was that all one side of his face had slipped, besides being frightfully lacerated. The Sister gave a very skilful anæsthetic and I repaired the damage as well as I could. Then after seeing a few more patients I returned to Newala. Week's mileage 222—not much by English standards.

Sunday, October 30th. While taking a stroll round the new hospital after Mass found two strangers looking lost. One was quite blind and the other had led him all the way from Mikindani, 90 miles, to get medicine. It was the more pathetic as his blindness was probably due to a cerebral tumour and there was nothing to do for him.

Monday, October 31st. Settled dispute with carpenter and spent some time selecting and measuring beams for the roof. Dealt with usual Monday crowd of patients till about 1 p.m. A few more after tea, and then off by car to see a reported case of possible pneumonia a couple of miles away. Whole village gathered on doorstep in respectful silence to watch the magic ceremonial of the stethoscope. Decided patient had only got fibrositis after all, so left him some medicine and came away.

Tuesday, November 1st. All Saints' Day, normally kept as a holiday like a Sunday, but Tuesday happens to be the day for the weekly dispensary at Mkunya and it was not practicable to close this, so all to Mass first and then off as quickly as possible in the car—one Sister, two dressers, one clerk, Simon and myself. Before we left, another crocodile case had arrived, a man with

the front of his knee bitten right off. Gave instructions to remaining Sister and then off to Mkunya arriving about 10 a.m. Most of the patients had gone away, but hearing the car they soon came back and we worked till 2 p.m., dealing with about a hundred. One girl with a bad ulcer following small-pox needed in-patient treatment, so after lunch we loaded her into the car and brought her back to Newala. The thrill of a car-ride is often a sufficient lure to get patients into hospital who would otherwise not come. When just about to start I found the patient's brother was proposing to come, too. As he was still infectious from small-pox I turned him out pretty quick!

Wednesday, November 2nd. Off at 6.30 a.m. for Mahuta, where also we have a dispensary, but with two resident dressers. Took a Sister and another dresser for the day. Quite a busy morning; 120 patients altogether. The recognized offering for a course of injections is 50 cents (sixpence). Was somewhat troubled with one group of patients who had each brought 50 cents but had no need of injections, and others who wanted injections but had not brought 50 cents! The senior dresser there is an excellent missionary and has done a great work at Mahuta, a difficult place with strong Moslem population, rather hostile. Now as a reward I am sending him to Chihako as the beginning of a resident medical staff there. It is a place of great possibilities, but it is very remote from his own people and it will not be easy. Before returning to Mahuta we loaded up a large sack of corn (offerings in kind), an empty 40 gallon iron drum, and a bundle of live hens (also offerings). The car being small we put the hens in the drum, where they rode safely though they didn't get much of a view!

Thursday, November 3rd. More building and then a steady stream of patients, finishing by pulling out several teeth with an anæsthetic. Most patients, however, prefer their teeth drawn in cold blood! Afternoon; weekly mail sent off, then twice-weekly lecture to dressers and then to the "Boma" to get some news from the District Officer's wireless set, the only one between Lindi and Tunduru. But set mostly made rude noises, though we heard disconnected sentences about sinking of Spanish ship off Cromer.

Friday, November 4th. Building again; then loaded car with

400 lb. of Portland cement, 11 sheets of corrugated iron, and a crate of glass, and prepared to leave Newala. Having heard that a Government M.O. had arrived at the rest camp seeking solitude and Newala air as cure for lumbago and sciatica, I went to call and express sympathy. M.O. asked for advice, I suggested manipulation under anæsthesia. Suggestion promptly accepted and carried out. M.O. no fairy: quite exhausting. Left at 2 p.m. and returned to Lulindi. Dealt with urgent cases and inspected new buildings.

Saturday, November 5th. Morning on buildings, measuring new boundary fence, visiting stone quarry and seeing patients in the intervals. Afternoon; about to set out to visit a small-pox case, 2 p.m., when a lorry arrived with a policeman and a corpse from 50 miles away. Post-mortem wanted at once. Did post-mortem and sent dispenser to see small-pox case. Wrote report and body removed by lorry for burial. Junior nurse retired to bed with malaria. 4.30 p.m. delayed start for Luatala, carrying 11 sheets of corrugated iron in car for roofing new store. Deposited same and saw several cases, notably the crocodile child. A nasty mess, but condition very good all things considered. Returned Lulindi 7.30 p.m., car lights working intermittently. Microscope work and accounts till bed time.

Sunday, November 6th. A very moving incident at Mass. After the sermon a Christian who had fallen away to Islam returned and asked for penance that he might be restored to the Church. He repeated his baptismal vows, made years ago, he reaffirmed the Creed, and he then made public confession of his sin, " . . . that I denied the Lord Christ and followed Muhammad." These perversions of Christians to Islam are not at all common, but when they do occur they are very hard to change, so the return of this man to-day is a matter for real thanksgiving.

Well, that's two consecutive weeks, and quite enough. It's all great fun, but so much travelling is very detrimental to systematic work in hospital. Now, however, the rains are about to begin, and the car will be out of action for five months, so I hope to get more chance to stay and work at Lulindi and especially to concentrate on teaching my African staff, a job

I have sadly neglected for the past few months. But what couldn't one do with another doctor!

Money Well Spent

22nd June, 1939.

I am sorry that this much advertised letter has taken so long to appear; nearly three months in fact since I first said it would be "coming shortly." In future I had better say nothing and then you can expect the letter when it arrives!

The first piece of news is that both the new hospitals, or rather out-patient buildings, were successfully completed and are now in use. At Lulindi we had the Bishop with us for Christmas, so we asked him to bless the new building, which he did on St. Stephen's Day, immediately after Mass. We all went in procession to the hospital and stood in front of it while the Bishop went all round the building, both outside and in, sprinkling holy water. Then, standing in the doorway, he said the traditional prayers, exorcizing any evil spirit, and praying for God's blessing on the building and all the work to be done there, finally placing it under the special protection of St. Michael the Archangel. Some of you may think that such a ceremony is all rather old-fashioned and quite unnecessary, but in this land at least it has a very real significance. The people here go in constant fear of evil spirits and witches, and even when they become Christians it is one of the hardest things for them to overcome and to realize that the Holy Spirit is stronger than all. So to know that a house has been solemnly blessed in the name of Almighty God, and that therefore no evil spirit can enter in, is to give a great increase of confidence, and this is especially important in a hospital. Most illness is ascribed to evil spirits or witches, and the removal of this fear is of first importance.

The building itself has caused a lot of interest, especially the lofty roof and the spacious central hall, made possible by the cruciform ground-plan, and the use of bolted trusses instead of central pillars. The increased floor space, the increased light

and air, and the provision of separate rooms for everything under one roof have made an enormous difference to our work. One can deal with crowds of patients more quickly and with much less fuss and confusion than in the old buildings; all of which makes it easier to keep one's temper on a hot day! We have glass windows in the laboratory, the dispensary and the injection room, to keep out wind and dust, which were such a nuisance in the past, and another big advantage is the indoor stove which gives us hot water right on the spot and also means that we can have the sterilizer right at hand always on the boil. The stove is wood-fired from outside, and has a proper chimney, so we have no mess of smoke, ashes or firewood indoors, but only the hot stove top. When first I went to Lulindi every drop of hot water had to be fetched from the kitchen, more than 100 yards away, and the sterilizer could only be used at all by lighting an oil stove, which was both expensive and inconvenient. I ask medical readers to imagine dealing with 250 patients under those conditions!

The Newala hospital was opened by the District Officer on the Feast of the Epiphany after being blessed by the priest-in-charge. There was a large crowd of people, including the Indian shopkeepers who are pretty numerous at Newala and who contributed generously to the building, enabling us to have a concrete floor which would otherwise have been impossible. The D.O. made a good speech and then flung open the doors and was escorted in. Someone suggested he should publicly drink the first dose of medicine, preferably castor oil, and I believe he would meekly have done so, but I put my foot down firmly!

The Newala building is similar to Lulindi, but, owing to higher building costs at Newala, it is smaller and has only a rectangular plan. It has, however, a tin roof for reasons explained in my last letter and this exalts it in African eyes far above the more imposing structure at Lulindi with its very nice thatch! The final cost of these two buildings worked out at £109 for Lulindi and £175 for Newala, which was just about what we estimated. The balance of the £300 building fund went to building new wards at Lulindi, six in all, and converting four old ones, besides various minor building requirements, including a stout fence of live trees right round the whole hospital. We

have also begun a central lawn and some flower-beds. Of the £300, about £30 was the remains of the operating theatre grant, and £75 was given by the Guild of St. Luke.

Whether because, or in spite of, the new building, the work at Lulindi is steadily increasing. Since February we have rarely had less than 70 in-patients, and twice lately we have had more than 80, which is a record. We are hard put to it to find room for them all, and now that the rains have finished I must set to and get some more wards built. The out-patients' numbers have similarly been increasing, reaching a record of 220 a fortnight ago. That, with 70 in-patients, means 360 patients to be dealt with in a day, which, in my absence, is a fair day's work for two nurses, one dispenser, four dressers, and two pupil nurses. And, of course, there are always the 65 leper inmates of the settlement nearby (1½ miles away) to be looked after by the same staff. As I said in my last letter, surgery is becoming increasingly popular, and we now have a regular operation day every week. Last year at Lulindi we did sixty-three operations, which does not sound a lot, but is more than three times what we did in 1936! This year numbers are keeping well up, I think, thirty so far in the first five months and several waiting to be done.

The rains are over at last and now we have six or seven months of dry weather ahead of us. This is my great time for building and travelling. There won't be much building this year, as there is no money, but there will be plenty of travelling, as Dr. Taylor has just gone home and I have the whole diocese to look after. From Tandahimba to Namasakata is 207 miles by road and there are twenty other 'dispensaries and hospitals as well, so I shall not exactly be sitting still. The weather is grand just now and Africa very attractive. Morning breaks with the clearest of blue skies and a nip in the air, and the sun is welcome rather than a burden. The visibility is amazing and the lights and shades that transform every view are too lovely to be described. The woods are still green, with here and there a little yellow leaf, and the resemblance to an English summer is very striking. The flies have decreased, and even at midday the heat is quite reasonable. The only snag is the grass which, having grown up to six feet or more, is now ripe and has fallen over in every direction. It is full of prickly seeds, sharp as needles,

which fill one's clothes wherever you go. Hair-shirts aren't in it! But even that will soon be gone. Some will be cut for thatching, and the rest just burnt.

I think that is about enough for now. To summarize other news. Lent was not very well kept at Lulindi, but in spite of this we had a very joyful Easter and more blessed than we deserved. Also a number of adults have just been baptized at Whitsun, though as I was not there I don't know the details. The most wonderful recent news is that two African girls who have been trying the Religious Life as postulants (one of them for more than three years) have just been admitted as Novices of an African community, under the care of the Community of the Sacred Passion. They are the very first, and we hope and pray that they will go on to Profession and so form the beginning of an African Sisterhood

Otherwise life is much as usual, except that three elephants are wandering about, destroying crops and making children late for school. The millet harvest is the finest within living memory, which is very good news, being the staple food, but it means an orgy of drinking later on. Goodbye for now.



The Growing Church

10th December, 1939.

I MEANT to write this in time to reach you for Christmas but I am afraid it won't, as even the airmail is a lot slower these days. However, I hope for the best, and wish you all a happy Christmas. This isn't an empty or half-hearted wish either, for however great the trouble and anxiety of war I do wish you all a full measure of inward peace and joy, and with it all my sympathy for your troubles and sorrows. Surely when the results of the sins of man are most evident, we should be most thankful for the Incarnation and so most sincere in our rejoicing at this Christmas time, for we have no other hope.

Thank you very much for letters received since I last wrote, which I am sorry to say was nearly six months ago. Since the war began letters have become few and far between, taking usually eight weeks from England and sometimes getting lost altogether. So I am all the more grateful for what *do* arrive. All is quiet here and much as usual. Many of the Germans have now been released, and are going about as usual. The German

missionaries, of course, were never imprisoned at all, though they were forbidden to travel about for a week or two. Now they are free to move again, and are getting on with the job. I went two days ago to see my old friend and only medical neighbour, a German mission doctor who lives 23 miles east of Masasi (i.e., outside my ordinary district). This is the second consultation I have had since the war began and I was as kindly received as ever, and got all the help I wanted. They are going ahead with great building schemes, and have just finished a marvellous new operating theatre, with a huge bow-window and electric light and fixed basin (H. & C.), all in the best European style, and with an X-ray room adjoining. It leaves us in the shade completely, but we can always go there to get X-rays done, and anyhow I shudder to think how much money it must all have cost! Now they are building a new block of wards in brick, but I can't say I like them. I was reminded of the elephant house at the Zoo! I was very sorry for them though, as their whole annual consignment of drugs, 35 large packing-cases, went down in the "Watussi," which recently scuttled itself to avoid capture. But they seem to have a good stock from last year. As for our buildings, we are hung up for want of money, but I have managed to finish the nine new in-patients' houses at Lulindi (the "private" wards) and they are rather nice. They were absolutely necessary, as the old huts were falling down (mostly fallen!) and patients increasing. Our official accommodation will now be increased to 87, but as we have had as many as 95 in-patients at once, this year, it will be none too much, in fact rather too little.

I have also had a new sterilizing room added to the operation block, making it now a five-room block, as we were too cramped on busy operating days, and also the sterilizing stove, which was only an experimental affair, was falling to bits and needed renewing anyhow. So now the old sterilizing room is simply the instrument-room, opens off it and contains a superior built-in stove (my latest model) which will, I hope, be big enough to boil all our bowls and dishes and to heat the big autoclave as well as the ordinary instrument sterilizers. At present the bowls and autoclave (for towels and dressings) are heated on a big Primus which uses a lot of paraffin. Designing stoves is great fun and so far I have managed to improve the design each time

I have built a new one, but I suppose one will eventually reach a sufficiently satisfactory standard pattern. This new addition to the operation block has had to be built in mud and wattle for economy, but it has been very solidly done and will, I hope, be all that is needed. I should have liked to have built it in brick, forming another bay to the original building, but that would cost £10 and I haven't got it! So the new room takes the form of a lean-to on the end of the existing building.

The thorn hedge that we planted last year in front of the new dispensary has flourished, and we are planting its cuttings this year so as to extend it gradually all round the hospital. Also the lawn which we began last year, in the centre of the hospital, we are now surrounding on three sides with a border of flowers, cosmos, zinnias and periwinkles, the pink upright sort. It ought to look rather nice in a month or two. We have also this year built a new out-patient building at Namasakata, where again we could only use mud and wattle, but have a concrete floor and all well finished. It is out of my district, but I was *doing it in* Dr. Taylor's absence. I gave them a design, and supervised most of the work when there in June. When I next visited Namasakata in November I found that the building was nearly finished, but, to my dismay, they had got the roof trusses all crooked, and the whole roof, about seven tons of it, was gradually collapsing like a pack of cards. One end of the ridge beam had already dropped more than a foot and the roof had shifted lengthwise about three or four feet. I felt pretty sick naturally, but with the jack from the car and two 20 foot trees I managed to raise the roof again, and then made the builders straighten the trusses and fix them with stays. I hope it will be all right now, but I had to come away before they finished the job.

With Dr. Taylor away in England I have had a greatly increased district to look after (about 250 miles long by 50 miles wide), so I have been on the move a great deal. Since June I have covered over 5,000 miles, so you can imagine how glad I am of the new car. It continues to go very vigorously and is a very great help. I have had side lockers fitted (which the body builders would not supply), and they add considerably to the car's convenience, and disencumber the inside of the body of all sorts of odds and ends that one must carry in Africa. For

instance, my regular equipment includes a spade, an axe, a set of chains, a four-gallon tin of water, a gallon tin of engine-oil, a roll of bedding, a food basket with all necessary cooking utensils, a wash-basin, a canvas bath, a spare spring for the car, besides all the ordinary tools and my medical equipment. On a long journey, however, besides all this and my personal luggage, one had to carry all one's necessary petrol, which, on a recent tour, amounted to thirty-six gallons, i.e. twelve in the tank and twenty-four in the tins! There are no petrol pumps in this land, nor any garages! As there is also Simon and his luggage and usually some parcels or loads for out-lying Mission stations, and always two or three people who want a lift *and* their luggage, and quite often an unexpected patient picked up somewhere to be brought into hospital, *with* his guardian-relative and his food supply, you will see that the car is always well loaded, and I have to watch the springs very carefully to be sure we are not exceeding the fifteen cwt. allowed by the makers. The most trying passengers are hens, of which I sometimes collect quite a lot, brought as offerings for treatment at some out-lying dispensary. The other day I set off from Kanyinda with no less than twenty in one small cylindrical coop, made on the spot from millet-stalks. As I had a hundred miles to go before reaching home I was not too pleased, but at Lukumbo, where I stopped two days, I managed to sell all but three, and two that I ate. They weren't very big hens and went for 1¼d. each! In the car, besides taking up room, they make an awful row, and sometimes trample each other to death. They also stink! But I did draw the line last week when asked to carry a goat!

The harvest this year was quite up to expectations, and so was the orgy of beer that followed it, but I am glad to say it is now all finished—the beer I mean, not the harvest. On the whole there were surprisingly few accidents, but among others the local carpenter got so drunk that he fell into the fire without noticing it, and is still off work with a badly burned foot. Africans do not understand drinking “in moderation.” You only stop when the beer is finished! And to make it more difficult they do not regard a man as drunk unless he is sick. To be sick is very bad manners, as it spoils the party.

On St. Bartholomew's Day we had an ordination of seven

new deacons, all African, in the cathedral at Masasi. There was a very big congregation, and it was all very moving. I can't say if it was impressive, as I was M.C., and so in the midst of everything, but I think it was. But it was very real, and a great thing to see the African Church still further strengthened by the grace given to these seven young men. They have had a very thorough preparation for their work, and there was no doubt about their determination, their humility and their devotion. They are a fine lot, and we all pray that they may do great things for our Lord. Now they have gone out into different parishes for two years' experience, before some, or all of them, are returned to the College at Tunduru for further training for the priesthood. Meanwhile seven more teachers have begun their study at the College for the diaconate, so we are very thankful for this steady stream of men to build up the African ministry for the African Church.

I have just finished my twice-yearly tour of the country beyond Tunduru, which is the westernmost part of the diocese. As country it is very beautiful, with green hills and clear rivers that never dry up, and it is full of animals of all sorts, *and* tsetse flies. But the work there is very difficult, partly because of the great distances between villages and their remoteness from our central station at Namasakata, and even more because the people are almost solid Moslem and consequently show an obstinate indifference to Christianity. The spiritual and social loneliness of our African teachers in these isolated outposts would be enough to defeat many a European: the fact that these Africans are not defeated is the highest praise I can give them and the best testimony to their faith. But there are signs, little signs, here and there, that the opposition is weakening, even though converts are still counted in ones and twos. Recently the Sultan Mtalika, the second biggest of the Yao chiefs, announced that he wished to have the Christian religion taught in his country and in all his villages. He is now a very old man, but there is now a flourishing Mission school in the village of his heir, and, if he really means it, there is great hope for the coming generation.

So our war with the devil goes on. Please pray for us and see that even in these times we have the necessary support to carry on. The greater the failure of European civilization the

more urgent is the conversion of Africa, not to those failing standards but to the love of God.

Good-bye for now, and may the New Year bring peace again.

Fruit and Flowers

26th May, 1940.

I got an aeroplane (R.A.F.) to Tanga on the Thursday after I wrote last (i.e. 9th May) taking only an hour from Dar-es-Salaam. It was a small plane (I was the only passenger) and it bumped continuously for the second half of the flight. However, I survived! I spent one night in Tanga (which is like a city of the dead after the internment of the Germans, they far outnumbered the English there) and got the Friday morning railmotor to Mombo. I had the whole second-class compartment to myself all the way, doubtless owing to the dearth of Germans. (The Railway Company won't issue 3rd class tickets to Europeans. I don't know why, but probably because they are disproportionately cheaper, and 2nd class is only 1d. per mile). At Mombo I found the Magamba car waiting and so we climbed up and up and up, about 4,500 feet in twenty miles, but on a road so well constructed that we went almost the whole way in top gear. Then, on a hairpin bend at 5,600 feet there suddenly appeared a rockery of brilliant flowers and a tumbling waterfall, and one hundred yards further on we turned off and pulled up at the hotel.

It really is a marvellous place, beyond anything I had imagined, and utterly unlike anything I had yet seen in Africa. The country is like England, with just a touch of Switzerland. There are little undulating hills and valleys, rushing streams, and great rocky peaks. There is fine short turf, with bracken, heather and gorse, and little spinneys and big woods and on some hills, great pine forests. Again and again it might be somewhere in Cumberland, or Exmoor, or Ashdown Forest. The flowers are in keeping too: besides the gorse I have seen daisies, thistles, heather, skullcap, sundew, speedwell, various

small orchids, and many more, though actually it is approaching winter here, and flowers are going off. Even so, the hotel garden has still masses of roses and dahlias, snapdragons, nasturtiums, salvia, and all sorts of delicate rock plants, besides tropical flowers like cannas. In the orchards are apples, oranges, plums, bananas, side by side, and strawberries too: a most extraordinary mixture both of place and season.

The air is cool, fresh and bracing, and the sun never too hot, one can walk and climb at any time of the day. The hotel is very comfortable and clean, with fires in all the rooms, electric light and hot water laid on to all baths and bedrooms, and *really* hot too: as for the food, it leaves nothing to be desired, either in quality or quantity, and I am living on the fat of the land. The cooking is excellent and Mrs. Williams is most kind and hospitable. So you can see I am having a fine time. I took things very easily the first week, but have now begun walking and climbing and doing more each day. It has been raining for the last few days, but when it clears up again I hope to play a lot of tennis.

I am feeling very fit now and really feel rather a fraud having so long a holiday.

Yesterday (Saturday) I walked over the hills to see Neil. It was a three hour walk, very pretty and pleasant going, but the last hour was down almost a precipice—magnificent views but hard on the knees! I have spent to-day (Sunday) with Neil and return to-morrow to Magamba . . .

Holiday in Africa

22nd June, 1940.

I am now at Nairobi, having the second month of my leave. The climate here is delightful, though I don't think it's any better than Magamba, which was definitely more bracing. I am staying with the Archdeacon of Nairobi, who has a very pleasant house at Ng'ong, a suburb about ten miles out, though just at the moment I am in town, as I am deputising for a doctor

friend of mine for twenty-four hours. He has a whole hospital ready for air-raid casualties, but as there have been no air-raids, there are no patients, so I am simply caretaking an empty hospital.

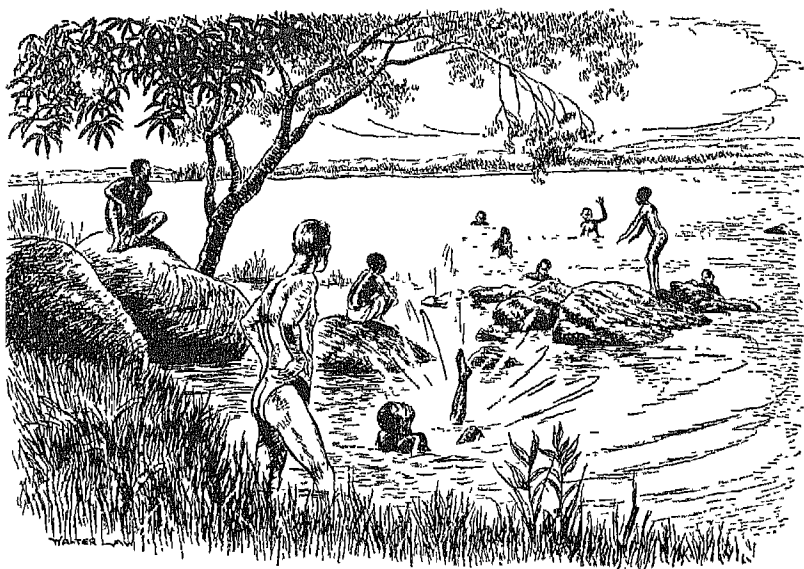
I have met several old friends here: there are five or more old London Hospital doctors in Nairobi, and I have also met a Masasi man (African) who is head-teacher at the C.M.S. school. Everyone is most kind and hospitable.

The journey from Magamba was long but interesting. I left in the hotel car about 10 p.m., and so down the twenty-five mile zig-zag mountain road to Mombo. Before we reached the bottom we could see the headlights of the train, miles away down the valley. They carry tremendously powerful headlights, which throw a beam for three or four miles, so that we reached the station well before the train arrived. We left about midnight, after I had turned an unfortunate traveller out of bed in order to let me in to the top bunk. (He had locked the door, hoping to have the compartment to himself.) I slept fairly well, considering that the carriage oscillated *violently* from side to side, with a continual bang-bang-banging, as though it would come right off the rails. We reached Moshi at 8 a.m. and I went out and got some breakfast at a very second-rate Greek hotel. The trains are so arranged that you have to spend *at least* twenty-eight hours in Moshi and sometimes much longer. The railway issues through tickets, but makes no provision for passengers while waiting. Moshi is a dreadful hole. It is hot, dull, dirty and apparently devoid of any natural attraction whatever. There is a European population of over 1,000, but most of them are Germans and so were already interned, and the houses are scattered about over a wide expanse of untidy waste grass with countless intersecting dusty roads. There is no town in any proper sense of the word. It was all *most* depressing. Mount Kilimanjaro, the highest in Africa, overshadows Moshi, but while I was there the clouds were so heavy that I saw nothing of it at all. (I saw it yesterday for the first time, far away, its snow-cap shining almost pink in the morning sun.)

After breakfast I sought out the local Chaplain, whom Neil knows well, as he insisted on putting me up. He was very good company and I stayed with him till the next midday, when I got in the train again and continued my journey. I fared well,

as I was put in a first class carriage with only a second class ticket, and had only one other passenger, who proved a very pleasant travelling companion. He was a Government botanist. It was a large four-berth compartment which we had to ourselves, and as there was no corridor we were completely free from disturbance. The train first ran round the base of Kilimanjaro, and then crossed the border into Kenya at Taveta. Huge crowds turned out to look at the train at every station; we stopped thirty-four minutes at most of them, so that they had plenty of time to look at us and we at them! There was no restaurant car on the train, but at Maktau tea was served in the station while the train waited. It made a pleasant interlude. We reached Voi, the junction with the main line from Mombasa, after dark and had one and a half hours to wait. Dinner was served on the station so we filled in the time pleasantly enough, and at 9.30 p.m. we departed, hitched on to the tail of the Mombasa-Nairobi mail-train. I slept soundly, and woke in the morning to a different countryside. The rocky valleys and scrub had given place to wide plains of undulating grassland, on which were grazing herds and herds of animals of all sorts: gnu, hartebeeste, gazelle, zebra, ostrich and others that I could not identify. They took no notice whatever of the train. We had a good breakfast (there being now a dining-car on the train) and reached Nairobi at 9 a.m. The town is quite a smart place: at least the new part is: and there are some good shops, but they say it was built on a very unsuitable site (swamp, etc.) and was allowed to grow in a straggling, untidy way too long before any planning was done. However it is a lot better than I had been led to expect! At present the place is full of khaki and much coming and going . . .

P.S.—While walking on the hills near here a few days ago, I came on a whole herd of buffalo resting! I managed to withdraw discreetly before they noticed my presence, but I was glad to have seen them and so close to. They are actually some of the fiercest of all the wild animals in this country.



Shadow of War

15th September, 1940.

WE have heard recently of two big air-raids on London with a lot of damage and casualties, and also of the imminence of an invasion. I do hope you are all right. We may get some news (of yesterday) the day after to-morrow when this porter returns from Masasi.

Here we are carrying on and looking to the future. We have agreed not to close any of our dispensaries if we can possibly help it, and I am actually engaged at present in moving two of them to new and promising districts (and more distant from hospital) By calling on the people to undertake more of the expense than in the past, I hope actually to *save* on these moves rather than to incur new liabilities. We are very thankful for the wonderful way in which our supporters in England have kept up, and even increased, their subscriptions (1939 totals were *more* than 1938) and Africans here are also increasing their support. Our chief difficulty is that most of our annual supply of drugs has not yet arrived (it was due in May), and we don't

even know if it will ever come. We have had certain supplies, and as we had an unusually big margin from last year we are all right for the present. (For last year I ordered by a new formula and it turned out to be unduly liberal for our needs, but I am very glad now!)

The Scouts are going strong and are a great joy. We had a great outing last week, spending all day by the Ruvuma, swimming, canoeing, and cooking on the beach. They had never been there before (it is thirty miles away) and they were thrilled. On the way back we were all feasted on roast duck, rice and tea at Luatala (by the Archdeacon) and slept there the night. It was great fun. I am hoping to get troops started in five other places (possibly more), and hope to start the Luatala one this week.

The wind at nights is terrific just now. Also it blows itching powder (fine short hairs of the upupu bean) into the house and into one's clothes and bedding!

About Boys

24th November, 1940.

Work in hospital has eased off just lately, partly as there is no prevailing illness just now, and partly as people are busy clearing their fields to be ready for sowing as soon as the rains begin. The first rain is always expected on St. Andrew's Day (even the Moslems believe that!), and that is next Saturday. However, I have plenty to do as I am fitting in necessary visits to seven other dispensaries, building a new maternity block at Lulindi, negotiating for a new dispensary in the Ruvuma valley, and hoping to visit Mikindani and district for a few days next week, before our staff there is cut off by the rains for another five months. Also last week I was able to take part in the annual conference and retreat for the clergy of the diocese. We had a very peaceful and helpful three days (in retreat) at Masasi, though I was the only layman present. At the conference I was invited to read a paper on the medical aspect of the tribal initiation rites for boys, which provoked much discussion and ended in the appointment of a committee, much needed, to

review the rules and the whole business. I was put on the committee (of five) so hope to be able to put across some very necessary reforms. The week before I had to pay a flying visit to Lindi to have the car seen to, but a disturbing noise in the back-axle proved on investigation not to be serious, so I was able to return the next day. I tried a new road over the hills and found it saved thirty-three miles each way, which is a consideration with petrol at 2/6 a gallon. (For four miles the "road" is only a footpath, but I got the car along without difficulty and the rest is all straightforward. The ninety-four miles took just four hours, which is at least a quarter of an hour less than I could do by the main road through Masasi. We fell into a pig-hole, but that was on a quite respectable piece of road!)

The Lulindi Scouts are going ahead now and increasing in numbers, and their example has caused the beginning of a troop at Luatala, where the boys are even keener and showing great promise. I have the troop-meeting every Thursday afternoon after my weekly visit to the dispensary there, and we have great fun. I have got an African A.S.M. to look after them for the rest of the week. Several other places are wanting Scout troops, so I am hoping to run a training course for would-be Scouters (African) after Christmas. I think there are great possibilities. The Lulindi Scouts, among other activities, are building a model railway (out-of-doors) and doing it very well.

Leper Work

*Begun March 9th, 1941.
Finished April 13th, 1941.*

It is a very long time since I last wrote a proper family letter, and I am sorry I have left you so long without one. Life here gets busier and busier, as time goes on, with less and less time for letter-writing, so that the knowledge that a letter can no longer be duplicated and distributed in England, and the increasing dislocation of posts, are sufficient to discourage one from writing as often as one should. I have managed a few spasmodic letters to people individually, but there are still a

great many outstanding, so I must apologise all round and try to make a joint reply to everyone now. And of course we shall never know just how many of your letters and of mine have gone to the bottom of the sea . . .

I am afraid you must all have been having a very thin time with air-raids and so forth, though all the letters I have had have been very cheerful. The war here is still very far off, since it is more than 1,000 miles to the Abyssinian border! The price of petrol, cloth, hardware, etc., is going up, but local food of course is unaffected and nothing is rationed except petrol nominally. A few men have gone to the Army, and recently recruiting for labourers has begun, but only a minority of the population is physically fit even for that. Yaws, leprosy, hookworm, pyorrhoea, malaria, and a permanently unbalanced diet leave most of them incapacitated for really heavy work. The Indian shops (at Newala, Masasi, etc.) are prolific of rumours, such as that King George has come to Mtama (halfway between Lindi and Masasi) and that Hitler has followed him as far as Tanga! A Government messenger recently had too many drinks on the road and passing through Lulindi announced the war was over, causing some local excitement. We have managed to get most of our medical stores, except *all* our dressings for the year, from England, though with a good deal of delay and bother, and the London office has very kindly made us an extra allowance to help with the expense of getting substitutes locally, for what cannot be sent. The Government has done likewise. The most serious delay, apart from the dressings, is with supplies of hydrocarpus oil for leprosy, which has to come from India, and which is at present completely held up. Consequently, Miss Shelley has had to stop work this week at all her eight clinics, meaning that over 1,000 patients are now deprived of treatment until further notice. The other principal trouble at present is that the "Dumra" having been commandeered again for troop-ing, we have no means of leaving the country (except by air, which costs too much). The rivers are too full to walk, let alone motor, to Dar-es-Salaam, and our medical students who read at Minaki, near Dar-es-Salaam (being the Zanzibar Diocesan Training College) are unable to go and so are missing the whole of this term. But apart from these things, life remains much as usual—the endless struggle with the devil and the forces of

nature, in a land where space is unlimited and time unconsidered—but pleasant enough on the surface. At least one has time to think here.

Since I came back from Nairobi at the beginning of August I have been pretty busy, as I was six months or more in arrears with everything. For the last two months I have had the car parked at Newala, and have taken to my two feet again, or any bicycle I could borrow. I have travelled about 270 miles in this period and my legs are getting going again. I have been able to open a new dispensary at a place called Mnavira, about three hours south to Newala, which fills a long-recognized need. It was opened at the request of the Chief, which is what I had been waiting for, as, unless a Chief will build and maintain the dispensary itself, we cannot afford to supply the medicine and the work. Several other chiefs in that region (it serves a big area of the Ruvuma valley, fairly thickly populated as things go in this country) had asked for a dispensary, but none of them was a suitable centre. We got this arranged only just before the rains and the people built at great speed to finish it in time. I opened the dispensary nearly two months ago, and we give it a weekly visit. The first day only twenty patients appeared, but they are increasing steadily, and were over fifty last week. Over a quarter of them have leprosy.

Night and Day

30th March, 1941.

Since writing the above I have been to Mnavira again and had sixty-five patients, and during the past three weeks I have been going round my district, spending first two days at Luatala, then climbing up to Mchauru, where I rested three days, as I was a bit stale. (I mention this as some of you get concerned about my health! I have been keeping very well, lately but felt the need for a breather.) There is no hospital at Mchauru and Luatala is only three miles away, so I was able to escape the importunities of patients except for pulling out a tooth on the Sunday morning, which didn't take long. Then I went on to Newala for a fortnight, and afterwards dropped down to Mnavira for one day and round to Luatala again for two days

and so back here. There is only a very flimsy grass hut at Mnavira, so I slept the night at Chipinga, an hour away, and walked in in the morning. Chipinga proved to be further from Newala than I supposed (I had not been there before) and I had the last hour or so in the dark. There was no moon and my lamp had no glass (it was broken and no more to be had), and it was all through virgin forest until the last little bit, so it was what people call "eerie." I had a man with me carrying my tent and bedding, but neither of us had a spear. However the path was a very straight one, and there was a little starlight through the trees and I was able to follow the path with my feet. We met no lions or buffaloes and arrived safely. The next day, by way of compensation, I found that Mwilika, where I slept the night, was nearer than I expected and I arrived before sunset. While up at Newala (where I kept the car during the rains), I got an emergency call to Masasi, as Dr. Taylor was even further away and one of our clergy was seriously ill. However the Newala-Masasi road has recently been improved, a number of semi-permanent bridges put in and the grass cut, so, although in the middle of the rainy season, I went down by car and got through with only one hold-up in a patch of mud, not serious, but it was quite an adventurous ride as we did not know at what point we might have to abandon the car completely. On arrival, I found the patient much better, so stayed just long enough to see him out of bed and then returned. We got up to Newala again without any trouble except in one place, where, avoiding a fallen tree, I took an inch or two too much room and slipped into a deep ditch. It was bad driving really, as I should have been in bottom gear and could then have recovered in time, but I was trying to get past in second (it was a steepish up-hill) and, as the clutch spring was bunged up with mud, I was having to work the clutch by hand all the time, and the slight consequent delay in changing down lost us way and we slithered over the edge. However, the ground was firm, and after a bit of digging to free the differential casing (which was aground) I was able to drive out. It's places like that that make it essential to have a really powerful engine, and I've now got (since last year) those very heavy tread tyres (ground-grip or track-grip) that the Army uses, which give a good grip in soft ground.

You will be glad to hear that Scouting is going ahead. Besides the Lulindi Troop I have now got Troops going at Luatala, Namalenga, Akwisonje and Newala, with hopes of others. The Scouts are all very keen and most encouraging. I had a week's training course for would-be Scoutmasters after Christmas, and am about to have another in Easter week. Shortage of Scoutmasters is our principal obstacle. We are planning a District Rally for June and a District Camp for August, so I hope to be able to give you good news of these later on.

The hospital here, Lulindi, is going ahead gradually. In spite of all the new houses we put up in 1938 and '39 (but they were replacements actually) we are still short of room, so we have increased our bamboo huts to seven. These cost only 6/- each, and take two or three patients each, and are useful for lodging cases—i.e., ambulance patients from a distance. We have improved the hospital garden and now have a nice green in the square, with flower-borders, sunflowers, zinnias, and cosmos. We have this year started a filing system, so that all patients' notes are now kept safe and in order, instead of being carried about by patients and lost. Each patient has an identity token in the form of an iron-washed stamp with a number. This is quite indestructible, and can be worn on a string round the neck, wrist, ankle, etc., as an ornament, so we hope patients will keep them better than the bits of paper they used to lose. The training of African nurses is at last becoming a reality. Miss Bell began with two girls in 1937, and the ice was broken gradually, but now we have four and they are really taking a big share of hospital work and are having a very thorough training under Miss Bell. I hope eventually all women patients will be nursed by women and all men by men. We have already got a lot nearer this than most people thought possible even three years ago, and I have great hopes for the future.

The chief bit of building on hand at present is the new maternity block. It is a single rectangular building, including a large veranda-waiting-room (*baraza*), an ante-natal consulting and examining room, a lying-in room, the labour theatre, and a sink-room. This is the necessary minimum and will be used in conjunction with the existing maternity house, a single lying-in room. I wanted it to be in brick, like the other new permanent buildings, but there was no money, so it has been

built in mud and poles, but very well done, and to my own specifications. Even now we have not enough money to finish it: there is the stone floor to be laid (stone is ready), walls to be plastered, windows and doors to be made and fitted, so I don't know *when* we shall get it. We need it badly, especially as we have had to take the old ante-natal building as a store, as we couldn't afford to build our new (proposed) store in 1938 and I don't know when we shall! However, we are carrying on, and there is no lack of sick people.

I have had various enquiries about how soon I shall be home! The answer depends on Hitler. Normally I should have been home two months now, as I was due to leave on January 1st, but now I am here till further notice!

One in Four

2nd June, 1941.

. . . I am very fit these days I am glad to say and have plenty to do. The big development at present in Lulindi Hospital is the proper training course for African girls to be nurses. This is the scheme Miss Bell began in a small way five years ago, but the rate at which it is now developing is amazing. (Miss Bell was in England two years which delayed it for a time.) My hope is that eventually all women will be nursed by women and all men by men (roughly speaking), and we are now a lot nearer that ideal than I imagined would be possible for some years to come. Apparently Lulindi is the only proper training school for nurses in Tanganyika Territory, and the Government are getting interested.

Mnavira, the new out-station, is flourishing, so I am now putting a senior dresser to live there and run a daily clinic, instead of once a week. We have had a bit of backchat over the building of his house, as we can no longer afford to build ourselves, and so I said if the people wanted daily medicine they must build themselves. They *did*, but they *wouldn't*. However, when they saw I meant business, and that I was not building any house, and in fact sent and told the dresser to come home, they changed their minds and are said to be now building hard. I

propose to see for myself next Saturday. The road from Mnavira to Newala provides one of life's minor thrills (? major for a nervous passenger) as it climbs up the face of the Makonde escarpment at a perilous gradient (*at least* one in four for a prolonged stretch, probably steeper), with an unprotected drop on one side, and a hairpin bend that can only be got round by deliberate skidding on full throttle. I personally prefer the 'hairpin' to the stretch which follows, as it gets steeper and steeper, but is quite straight, so that you can see right up ever so far, and the car gets slower and slower. You feel like a fly on a wall, or one of those awful dreams where the hill comes down on top of you!

Wheel Rally

7th July, 1941.

. . . I have been very busy lately organizing our first Scout Rally for the whole district. (It will, I hope, be an annual 'do'.) We had it at Lulindi and 124 Scouts turned up out of a possible 130, which was very encouraging. As you will gather, we have grown somewhat. My original little troop at Lulindi has now become eight troops (Lulindi, Luatala, Namalenga, Akwisonje, Newala, Mpindimbi, Liloya and Tandahimba, if you are interested in names!) and there are eight more waiting to start so soon as their prospective scoutmasters have had enough training. The rally on the whole was a great success, as it brought the Scouts together and gave them bigger ideas of the Movement than they could get in their own villages. As far as I have heard they were all thrilled. They came in on the Friday evening and slept in Lulindi schools. All Saturday morning there were inter-patrol games and contests, including the cooking of their own dinner, and at 11 o'clock we marched all round Lulindi, singing African scout songs. We went through the Mission, round the shops (such as they are), through the market, and past the courthouse, and so back again. This by way of a little advertisement. In the afternoon we had the big display in front of a really large crowd, who had come in from miles around, and a number of distinguished visitors, including the Bishop, the District Commissioner (political—not Scouts), the Archdeacons of

Masasi and Luatala, and several Chiefs. This began with a rush-in from all sides out of hiding-places ("Wheel Rally") to greet the Bishop, which was very stirring—one hundred black Scouts all charging full-tilt, and yelling at the top of their voices, converging on the Bishop. They didn't knock him over, however, and after greeting him they ran to their places in a big semi-circle. The remaining inter-patrol games followed, and the more spectacular contests and some stunts. The fire-lighting contest was won in sixty seconds. That is to say, one boy from each patrol, unaided, had to produce a real blaze from two sticks and some dry grass (i.e., rubbing the sticks together). Sixty seconds is by no means a record (I have heard of twenty-seven seconds!), but it was very hot stuff for quite a young boy working single-handed. We built a bamboo bridge about 100 feet long in about ten minutes, each patrol building one section and lashing it to the next. It was quite spectacular, but unfortunately collapsed while the Scouts were crossing it in single file, owing to one patrol having tied on its section tenderfoot fashion instead of making a proper lashing. This caused the bridge to come apart in the middle and one half then collapsed like a house of cards. There were two minor casualties only, but it was very disgraceful as the offending patrol really knew what was needed, but they were a young lot and wildly excited. Actually the afternoon display was the least impressive part of the whole rally (instead of the most!), but the people enjoyed it, and as most of the Scouts were pretty raw (all much less than one year, except the Lulindi lot), it wasn't too bad. The Bishop presented the winning patrol with the trophy—a most beautiful flag made of silk embroidered by Miss Bell, and we then escorted him to his house, singing as we went (we had drumming and singing as an intermittent accompaniment throughout the display). Then the Scouts fell out and all rushed off to bathe in the river. When they returned they found a huge feast of goat and rice ready cooked for them by the girls of the Ndwika boarding-school. It had all been very well arranged and every boy had as much as he could possibly eat, so they were all happy.

Afterwards I called them all together and gave them my comments on the rally. Then we all went into church for Compline and Benediction. The singing was tremendous. And so to bed. Sunday morning the Bishop sang High Mass, and we

all made a corporate Communion. This was the climax of the rally and after a meal each troop went off home. It was a very happy 'do' and should help the Movement a lot. Now we are looking forward to a district camp in August by the Ruvuma.

I'm writing this letter at Mikindani, where I have come with the Archdeacon on one of our periodical visits. There is a great need of dispensaries in this district, but at present it is difficult to see how lack of both staff and money can be overcome.

Running Repairs

23rd July, 1941.

. . . I last wrote from Mikindani. On returning from there (visiting several out-stations on the way). I had a day at Luatala, one at Lulindi and then went by way of Newala to pay my monthly visit to Mnavira (my new dispensary). I found things very flourishing, the number of patients very steady and rising gradually, now 70-80 each weekly clinic, so the solitary dresser has plenty to do! They are building him a very nice house (in return for services rendered, or rather to be rendered!), but they had got a bit hung up on the thatching so I had to speak winged words. Then I came back and spent the Sunday at Newala. On Thursday I tried to set out for Masasi, but the car refused flat to start—could get no spark from the coil. I worked at it all day, and on Friday managed to borrow a spare coil from Newala, but no better. Had pretty well given it up, but on Saturday morning had another shot and finally by process of elimination decided the trouble must be in the contact-breaker, although I had already cleaned it (with sandpaper) and it was sparking when opened by hand. However, I cleaned it again with a file and the car promptly came to life! So I suppose it didn't like my original cleaning, as it had been all right previously! The car has just done 10,000 miles and is running beautifully, smooth and powerful.

I came in to Masasi with Canon Denniss, spent a good while with Dr. Taylor in conference and left again at 5 p.m. for Namasakata (where I am now) as Dr. Taylor wanted me to repair the hospital roof here. I was also asked to advise on the

Masasi hospital roof before leaving. We had a good run, stopped for supper at 8 p.m. at a roadside rest-house (an empty house, furnished, more or less, where you provide your own food, bedding, etc.), and pulled up for the night at Mindu (one of our stations, ninety-six miles west of Masasi). We slept very soundly and after Mass on Sunday morning, came on horse, calling at Tunduru on the way to give medical advice to the fat infant son of the D.C. I had brought with me my expert builder from Lulindi (George), and also the carpenter who has done most of my roofs, and on Monday morning we started on the hospital. It has meant taking off one end of the roof and renewing two of the roof trusses, while temporarily supporting the remainder of the roof on struts. George and Harry are working very well however, and we have plenty of local assistance, and I hope we shall get the job finished to-morrow, as we have to return the next day.

In the intervals of climbing about on the roof I have managed to see a few patients, and also to lay the foundations of a Scout troop in the central school here. Yesterday afternoon we went into Tunduru shopping and then played tennis at the Boma with the D.C. and wife. They have a fine court. I had not played since a year ago (in Nairobi) and found I was a bit too strong, but it was very enjoyable. We stayed to dinner and bridge and came back here about 11 p.m., running over a largish spotted animal like a small leopard (? civet cat, but I think rather too big). We brought it home and Simon skinned it this morning. It's a pretty skin. There are a lot of lions about just now, and a number of people have been killed, and a lot more goats—twelve in one night at Tunduru last week. I have seen nothing of them however. Saw a family of beautiful eland on Sunday night near Mindu.

Visiting

24th November, 1941.

On the way here on Saturday we visited three of our out-stations in this district, and I picked up forty-one casual patients (thirty at one place), including a young woman whose tibia was completely rotten and was sticking out top and bottom from

huge holes in her leg. I removed the top end (it was quite loose), but she preferred to keep the bottom end "for another day," though of course the bone is quite dead and useless and will prevent healing of the leg indefinitely unless it is removed.

To-day we intended to visit another out-station, but it rained steadily all morning and much of this afternoon, so we did not attempt it, and the road quickly becomes a bog after rain. To-morrow we hope to visit three more out-stations, and then the following day to go on to Lindi, whence the Bishop hopes to get on an aeroplane for South Africa—his "local leave." I hope to get some attention to the car and then return to Newala for a ten days' stay.

You asked in your last letter about the descent to Mnavira. There is nothing tricky about it if you go down in bottom gear and your brakes are all right. There is another way round, but it is about the worst road in the district and six miles longer from Lulindi, so I don't often use it—only if I have business on the way. I heard last week that the gradient of the hill is 1 in 3.8! I am not surprised, but it's steeper than any motor-road in England, including Porlock. Recently I ran out of petrol on the very steepest part (owing to extreme tilt on the tank), but got away again without any trouble—a good engine that, to do a standing start on a 1 in 3.8 gradient.

The Scouts, I am glad to say, are going strong. We now number about 260. I have fourteen Troops and have had recent applications to start about seven more, but they must wait until next Easter, as I can't manage another Scouters' training course before then. The Chief Commissioner (in Dar-es-Salaam) was very pleased with our annual report and is sending it in large part to Imperial Headquarters in London. I have at last roped in some experienced English Scouters to help—four Mission clergy—and one Government official—and it makes a big difference.

Government Inspection

15th December, 1941.

. . . I am extra busy trying to get everything straight before I go on my three months' leave next week (I expect to start on

Boxing Day). We haven't had any letters from England for a long time now, but I hope you are all well. Perhaps the post will bring something to-morrow.

After an unusually early onset of rains we have had a dry period, but the last few days there has been a series of down-pours more in keeping with the time of the year. Coming back from Newala to Lulindi after dark last Friday, I pulled up on the bank of a river which was running briskly after a storm and adjusted my headlights before attempting to ford it, as the beam was up in the trees. Unfortunately the tilting of the lamps must have made a short circuit in a defective wire, as before I could go on, the main fuse went and a second one I put in did likewise. So being left in the dark I spent the night in the car very comfortably, as I had my bedding with me—and went on in the morning, the river having run dry again in the night.

The Provincial Medical Officer (Government) has been all round here last week I took him over our hospitals and dispensaries at Luatala, Lulindi, Newala, Mahuta and Tandahimba, and he was very impressed and said so, especially with Lulindi. He made notes of many things that were new to him and also promised help in various directions, so it was all very satisfactory . . .

Work and Play

*at Magamba Country Club and Hotel,
Lushoto,
Tanganyika Territory.*

26th January, 1942.

As you see from the address I am on holiday. That is to say, being a year overdue for leave in England, I have been sent here instead. I am with two friends, also overdue, and we are spending a month here and then two weeks on the slopes of Mt. Kilimanjaro (which we hope to climb), and then a week at Nairobi, and eventually make our way back to Masasi. We are supposed to be away three months altogether, but it took us ten

days to get here, and will probably take more getting back. We are having a fine time on this holiday (being three together we keep cheerful, as you may imagine), but actually I have now got so rooted in my district that it was quite a wrench coming away. I feel I belong there now, and there is always so much to do and so much encouragement, and so much love from the people there that it is hard to leave them even for three months.

We had a very happy Christmas at Lulindi. It was quieter than some years and fewer people (e.g., only 500 odd communicants instead of over 800 last year), probably because of torrential rain for four days up to Christmas Eve. But the atmosphere of devotion was greater, and there was a feeling of real peace and blessing. We prayed earnestly for peace on earth. On December 26th I left Lulindi by car, expecting trouble with mud and water, but actually got through without difficulty to Masasi. There I met my two companions (Father J— and Father B—) and the next morning we set out for Lindi. Again we had a dry journey until the last five miles from Lindi, when we ran into a deluge, but we were then past all the doubtful spots on the road. I laid up the car at Lindi, and we went on board the Tanganyika Government steamer "Azania." This is now the only certain means of travelling up the coast, as the "Dumra" has gone on war service and the "Tayari" is a very uncertain quantity.

The "Azania" is very small, but we were comfortable enough, as we had the Governor's cabin and the only other 1st class cabin between the three of us. The ship was the Tanganyika navy for the first two years of the war, but has now had her gun removed, and is being run by the Tanganyika Railways. This is evident in her arrangements. She has an exact time-table and, as the Captain complains, "is expected to run like a train"! They were very worried because we reached Dar-es-Salaam half-an-hour late after a three days' voyage! The sea was very calm, but even so the ship rolled constantly. It has been *said* that a passing motor-boat will make her roll, or even a fish swimming underneath! However, we didn't mind the rolling and had a lot of fun with the Captain and the Engineer, the only officers in the ship, except the Syrian purser. We lay up in harbour each night, and this gave the Captain a chance to sleep. One evening we anchored off a small island and they let down

the boats and we went fishing. The water was the clearest blue and we could gaze down at the marvellous natural gardens of coral at the bottom, but we didn't catch any fish. So we went ashore and had a lovely bathe instead. The electric light used to be switched off at 10 o'clock every night (and also the electric fans!) to save coal, but of course there was no black-out. One day a huge bomber circled low over us three times, as if suspecting we were a disguised raider. The Captain said he was expecting to get a burst of machine-gun fire, but he could not signal his identity to the plane, as he had no signalling lamp. We had a motor-boat and two rowing-boats, but none of them was provisioned for emergency. The water kegs had been taken out and up-ended to serve as deck-tables for drinks! Our normal speed was about seven knots, but one day with a following wind we achieved a record of nine knots. No one believed the "Azania" capable of so much!

After three days in Dar-es-Salaam, which we spent in getting some much-needed clothes, after four years in the 'bush,' and in calling on Government doctors and educational authorities, we got on the mail-train again as far as Morogoro. The journey was only about 200 miles, but as the Tanganyika Railways are limited to 25 miles p.h. we didn't get there until nearly midnight. We stayed the rest of the night in a Greek hotel, dignified by the name of the "Savoy," but not by anything else, expecting to get on the cross-country Railway lorry the next morning. However, in the morning we found the lorries had not yet arrived back from their previous trips, they were apparently stranded in a flood seventy miles away. So we kicked our heels and played bridge for the rest of the day and slept another night. It was a hot place and full of mosquitoes. Next morning we got off. The lorries had finally been pushed through five feet of water, and dried out on the other side, but there were only four instead of the usual eight, the others having broken down and no spare parts obtainable. Into these four were crowded eighty recruits for the Labour Corps, besides the ordinary passengers, so most of the luggage had to be left behind, including the mails and my companions' two trunks. Knowing that this sort of thing was only too likely to happen, I had only brought a suitcase and rucksack, so was able to stick to my luggage. The four lorries ran very well for the first hundred

miles, and when we reached the flood, it was only axle-deep, so we got through under our own power. After that, however, we had a puncture, and it then appeared that there was no wheel-key to fit! However, the wheel was removed with an ordinary spanner and a hammer, and a 'spare' was fitted which was worn right through several layers of canvas. Then we went on, but almost at once our engine started misfiring. The trouble was a faulty sparking plug, but again it appeared there was no plug spanner in the whole convoy, so we had to go on on five cylinders for the remaining seventy miles. This entailed some low-gear work on the hills, and so we ran out of petrol. The spare can was on the lorry in front, and as our horn died just then, our driver could not attract their attention. However, we kept shouting and I waved my hat violently, and at last someone looked round and saw it before we had come to a standstill. (I think actually we had a spare can, but it was locked up, and the head driver, on the leading lorry, had the key.)

At last we reached Korogwe, about an hour late, and were glad to climb up to the Mission and rest. We were well entertained by Father W—, whom we found alone, and next morning we got on the train for Mombo, about thirty miles away. (This railway line has no connection with the central line from Dar-es-Salaam, except by the lorries.) At Mombo we found a car waiting, and so climbed the twenty-five miles and 4,000 feet to Magamba. Here it is as lovely as ever, fresh and cool, although this is the hot season, the grass green and the flowers and woods like England in summer. We are playing lots of tennis and walking and climbing the surrounding mountains. Yesterday we climbed the Magamba peak, through dense undergrowth, nettles, giant heather, bracken and dark forest. We steered our own course, and at last were rewarded by a clear summit (it is nearly 8,000 feet altitude) and marvellous views over all the peaks of the Usambara, with the Parè mountains beyond, and through a gap, right into Kenya. It was a novel experience to sprawl on the grass among the bracken and *enjoy* the warmth of the midday tropical sun! The breeze was quite chilly, so we dropped down a little on the further side, and found a sheltered spot for lunch. Afterwards we dropped down into a deep secluded valley, and climbing out of it on the further

side struck the mountain motor-road, and so made a pleasant round to the hotel again, seven hours altogether.

Neil came up here one day, and last week-end we went down to stay with him at Mazinde from Saturday to Monday. It was very nice to see him, and worth the scramble down, and the climb up again (4,000 feet each way). He is very well, and his work seems to be bearing fruit in a most encouraging way. I am glad to say he has been prevailed on to take a holiday. He starts to-morrow, and the first week, he and I are spending together at Vugha, a place on one of the hills not far from here, where he has been lent a house. It will be good to have him for a whole week, and undistracted by work. After this we intend all to foregather at Mombo again, and go together to Moshi, where we shall split up for the next fortnight. He is going to friends while we go to Marangu and try to climb Kilimanjaro. I need hardly add that here we live on the fat of the land, including strawberries and cream, fresh peaches, plums and every sort of fruit, and trout from the streams. In the evening we sit round a blazing log-fire and need it, too.

Well, so much for holiday. As for the work, up to the time of coming away, things were going ahead most encouragingly. Just before Christmas, we had a visit from the Provincial Medical Officer (Government), whom we had been expecting for more than a year! It was his first visit to Lulindi, and he was very favourably impressed with all he saw and quite complimentary. He was so shocked to see our new Maternity Block begun in October, 1940, still unfinished for lack of money, that he promised at once to help us to finish it. He also visited some of my other stations, Newala, Luatala, Tandahimba and Mahuta, and I hope his visit will bear fruit. It opened his eyes to a number of things.

We have just got another fully trained Dispenser (i.e., General Hospital Assistant, 1st grade) from Minaki Medical College. This is only our second, but if he is as good as our first, he will be a tremendous asset. By refusing to take "No" for an answer and trying every possible line of attack, I have now collected three more students for the Medical College (two starting this year and one next year) and as we have two more there at present, now in their third year, the future is a little brighter. But as we need 30 or so *now* the position is still most

unsatisfactory. The trouble is that we are always in competition with the teaching profession for the best students, and always at a disadvantage, as the students in their preliminary course are entirely in the hands of the teachers. There are other obstacles as well, but I have no intention of giving in. Meanwhile our first student to attempt to do the full-blown medical course (i.e., to become a qualified doctor) has unexpectedly failed the entrance to Makerere College (Uganda), the only place where it can be done. He did the exam. with fever, and just failed to get a place. It was most disappointing as he is an exceptionally promising youth, and his less intelligent companion passed the entrance (but he is not doing the medical course).

At Lulindi the work goes ahead. The best thing is that the African staff have now become so responsible that we can do with one European nurse less, and much less strain and over-work for the remaining two, although the work has increased. Our Dispenser, besides being in charge of the dispensary, now does nearly all the microscopic work, most of the intravenous injections (a big job in a tropical hospital), and prescribes for many of the patients, besides giving most of the anæsthetics and doing minor surgery, etc. When first I came, *all* these jobs had to be done by a nurse or myself. Our senior Dresser is now my regular theatre-assistant, and so capable that there is only one nurse in the diocese who is better.

The actual nursing, and much out-patient treatment, of all the women and children, is now done by our little African nurses, who, under Miss Bell's expert tuition, have become wonderfully proficient. The men are nursed by the dressers, who have also come on a lot, and are able to take considerable responsibility. One of them is now part-time clerk, and has full charge of the filing and registration system which I started a year ago, and which has proved a great success. It has made a huge saving of work, together with greatly increased efficiency and accuracy of records.

The new dispensary which we opened a year ago at Mnavira is proving a great success. It was built by the people themselves without cost to the Mission, and later they built a really fine house so that they could have a resident dresser. Owing to the war, I had said firmly that we could not undertake any new expense beyond the supply of drugs and service; so they showed

what they could do. The white ants ate the original roof of the dispensary so, under the leadership of the dresser himself, the people have now put on a new and much better roof. As a result of this successful effort, two other places have offered to build dispensaries and dressers' houses, but sad to say we have not enough trained men to staff them, so cannot accept the offers. The most important development is in Mikindani district. I have already described the isolation of that part, and the almost complete lack of medical aid for its considerable population. Now at last we have an opening there. The Government have given us the free use of a disused court-house, a fine stone building in excellent condition, and very suitable for a dispensary. It is at Mchicha, a very good centre accessible to a large population, and about twenty miles from Mikindani town. The Native Treasury have given a grant to cover all expenses, even drugs, and salary of the staff. It simply remains for us to work it. I am proposing to send one of our more experienced dressers, when the rains are over, and a younger dresser to assist him. Like Mnavira, it will be a new Mission station which is entirely medical, but there are schools of ours a few miles on either side. The district is a wilderness of Islam, but they are at any rate keen on our medicine and I hope that it may prove a way of conversion for some of them. I have done several periodic tours of that district, and have been well received by crowds of patients, so that prospects are good.

I think I have told you how the Scouts are progressing, and what a successful camp we had on the Ruvuma in August. Their keenness and progress are tremendously encouraging, and a constant rebuke to the people who said "Scouting was unsuitable for Africans and would never appeal to them." The movement has really gripped the imagination of the boys and young men of the whole district and I get frequent appeals from all sorts of out-of-the-way places where young men want to be Scouts. At present I have about 260 Scouts in fourteen Troops, but there are seven or more new Troops waiting to start after Easter when I have time to train some more Scouters. We are now beginning to prepare for this year's rally, and it should be a big show. I feel sure that Scouting can be a very great help in the work of a Christian Mission.



Ascent of Kilimanjaro

31st May, 1942.

29th June, 1942.

IT is more than time I wrote to you all, but I find the slowness and uncertainty of posts and the uncertainty of people's whereabouts is most discouraging to the writing of letters. By the time you get this it will be nearly five years since I was last in England, and probably several more before I shall be there again. So you can realize that by now my adventitious roots have taken pretty firm hold here and my original roots are becoming daily more and more detached. Please don't think me heartless; I know you would all have me do my job properly, and it just couldn't be done while looking backwards all the time. So you can think of me getting gradually blacker and blacker (though it doesn't show outside!), usually pretty busy and enjoying the job more and more as I grow further into it. Sometimes when I am taking a breather, perhaps on a Sunday evening, I open my mental scrap-book and the pictures come tumbling out: portraits of all of you as I knew you, and

pictures of odd corners of England and old holidays from Seaview onwards, all wonderfully fresh and pleasant. But I can always shut up the album quite happily and be content to pray for you one by one at the Altar and to be thankful for all your help and encouragement . . .

Now for a distinction this end: you will be pleased to hear that Neil (Father Russell) has been appointed Warden of the Zanzibar Diocesan Theological College. This is a most responsible job and has been held in the past by such remarkable and saintly men as Bishop Steere, Bishop Frank Weston and Bishop Gerald Douglas of Nyasaland . . . Neil doesn't begin his new work (the College is at Hegongo, near Muheza and upcountry from Tanga, not in Zanzibar Island) until next year, and meanwhile he has moved from Mazinde, his old central station, to Mkomazi, an out-station in his parish that he hopes to make into a new centre. His accounts of it are most encouraging, but I'll leave that to his pen. (See also "Central Africa" for March, 1942, which contains an article by him.) He has done an amazing piece of work at Mazinde. When he was there in 1937 it was simply a very small and new out-school, with a handful of wandering Christians scattered round about on the sisal plantations. Now he has built up a real Christian family with over a hundred communicants, many of them converted, taught and baptized locally, and others recovered from their wanderings about, and has started and developed several new centres, now flourishing in their turn, so that the one-time small out-school has become a Christian parish about eighty miles long! He has built worthy churches at Mazinde and the other new centres, and at Mazinde has also secured the building of a permanent school, and a dispensary with a resident African dispenser. All this work has been done, in the power of the Holy Spirit, with only his African teachers and dispenser to help him. Only now has he got his first curate, a very capable young African priest, who is taking charge of Mazinde to enable Neil to settle at Mkomazi. Nearly all his travelling is done on foot or bicycle, with his few needs in a rucksack. He never has a porter and only rarely uses the railway that runs through the length of his parish. I may add that he keeps remarkably fit, and I enclose a photo that I took of him in the Usambara Mountains (which are part of his parish) last

February . . . His rather curious attitude is due to my having stopped him suddenly, coming down the mountain side, and his expression due to a disinclination to be photographed! Slung on his back may be noticed his famous hat of enormous diameter, and his change of shoes. The hat is enormous, even though when first he got it he had to remove one and a half inches all round the brim to make it wearable in the wind!

This photo makes a good point at which to continue to tell the tale of my holiday travels. I think I wrote to you from Magamba. Well, having enjoyed that delightful spot for a month, I joined Neil for a week at Vugha, in the same mountains, as he was also due for a holiday. We had a peaceful and very enjoyable time, and then descended to Mombo (taking this photo on the way) and rejoined my two companions. We all got on the night train to Moshi, and there parted, Neil going to stay with a schoolmaster friend, and we three going out to Marangu, on the slopes of Kilimanjaro. Marangu is a pleasant spot though not so cold as Magamba, its altitude being only 4,000 feet. We stayed at a "guest-house" kept by an elderly Czech lady, the widow of a missionary, who was very anxious to send us up the mountain, but wanted £6 each for doing so. This we decided was quite exorbitant, even though it is a five-day journey, so we said nothing, but spent a week climbing and doing hard walks, and meanwhile got into touch with the local representative of the E.A. Mountain Club, and found how we could arrange our own expedition independently of the proprietress. Quite the best walk we had during this week was a scramble up the Nimo river, a lovely mountain torrent that we followed up all morning in a deep gorge, a seemingly endless succession of high falls and swirling rapids, with deep pools of clearest green and blue between smooth grey rocks. The sides of the gorge were bright green with fresh grass and pleasant small flowers, and the upper edges were fringed with dark green cypresses. The whole effect being more of Teesdale or the Black Forest than any part of Africa I have seen yet. We scrambled and jumped from rock to rock and from side to side of the river as opportunity allowed, and clambered up the sides of nine big waterfalls. At mid-day we bathed in an icy pool and then made a fire under the shade of the cypress trees and had lunch. Afterwards we went on up until we reached the

tenth waterfall and decided it was time to turn back. We climbed up out of the gorge, but found that there our fairyland abruptly changed to an endless expanse of banana plantations and small villages, so we slid down again and returned the way we had come. We bathed again in another pool, too deep to touch bottom, yet every stone clearly visible, made tea on the bank and after a most enjoyable day returned to the guest-house about sunset. Local people seemed surprised at our walks; I don't know why.

After the first week we decided to tackle the mountain, so we engaged a guide and porters and got in a supply of food from Moshi and local Indian shops. Then we broke it to the Czech lady and shifted our camp to the very kind E.A. Mountain Club representative, himself a C.M.S. priest in charge of a big teachers' training college nearby. He was most hospitable and helpful, and lent us a number of odds and ends including food-boxes, a kettle, extra blankets, a canvas wash-basin, and hurricane lanterns. The next morning we set out about 8.30 in a light mist and climbed steadily for an hour through the banana plantations we had seen before. (There was also much coffee, potatoes, maize and the numerous other crops grown by the very progressive Wachagga who inhabit the lower slopes of the mountains.) At the end of the plantations we made a short halt, and then entered a vast rain-forest, after which we saw no further sign of human habitation or cultivation. The trees were large and spreading and draped with ferns and creepers, which gave way higher up to moss and lichens. The undergrowth was dense and green, and a fresh stream ran beside the path. This rather forbidding forest continued for another hour or more, and then gave place to giant heather, so huge that we walked between the stems like beetles. It was 15-20 ft. high, and here and there elephants had ploughed great avenues through it, but we did not meet them. Temperate flowers began to appear and occasional grassy spaces with bracken and thistles, and after three and a half hours from the start, we reached the first "hut," actually a massive stone bungalow built in German days and called "Bismarck." There it began to rain, but we were warm and dry in the hut and cooked ourselves a large meal.

Each day's walk is a short one—only ten miles or so—but

this is necessary in order to get acclimatized to the altitude. If you try to reach the top in less than four days you are almost certain to be defeated, and a fifth day spent resting at 16,000 feet is a great help if you can spare the time and extra cost. However we felt we could not so we determined to get up in four days. "Bismarck" is 8,600 feet, but we felt no ill-effects except sleeplessness from drinking too much of the excellent Moshi coffee we had taken with us! Next day was fine and leaving about 8 a.m. we cleared the last of the forest in about twenty minutes, and came out into rolling moorland, tufty grass with bushy heather and broom, and numerous small flowers such as orchids, squills, gentian, clover, hawksweed and harebells. We now had a view for the first time since leaving Marangu, and the two peaks of Kilimanjaro, called Kibo and Mawenzi, stood straight before us but still more than twenty-five miles away. We were now about 10,000 feet and already the clouds were all below us, spread out like a great white carpet. From now on we had the finest of clear weather and bright sun, the heat of which was amply countered by the coolness of the atmosphere at that altitude. As we climbed the grass became thinner and the ground stonier, and alpine flowers, such as everlastings, giant blue lobelias and giant groundsel (a horrid and grotesque plant) began to appear. We crossed several small streams of icy water, and after a three-hours' walk, reached the second hut, "Peters," called presumably after the unmentionable Karl. Altitude here, 12,500 feet. We cooked and rested and then had an evening scramble further up the mountain, returning at dusk and beginning to feel a bit 'cheap' from diminishing oxygen. However, by next morning we had acclimatized and felt as fit as ever. There was frost on the ground and a grand sunrise. The view from here was superb. Father B— said Mass in an empty hut (there are three there) as it was Sunday, and the guide and porters, all being Christians, came in and sang (from memory) hymns in Kichagga, singing old German tunes in excellent harmony. They were not used to the Swahili service, but recognized the opening words of the 'Our Father,' and so joined in that in Kichagga. It was very moving.

We got off in good time, and climbed to the saddle between the two peaks. There the scanty vegetation finally died out, and we came into a wilderness of stones and volcanic ash from ages

past. The only sign of life was a few bedraggled butterflies, blown up the valley by a whirlwind, and a solitary hawk (looking for what?). We now left Mawenzi, the rockier but lower peak on our right, and crossed the saddle towards Kibo which only now, for the first time, began to tower a little. The saddle is 15,000 feet and after a rather weary trail through the stony waste we reached 16,500 feet. We had again made excellent time and had all the afternoon to rest. I doubt if I have ever seen a more desolate spot, without sign or sound of life, great bare rocks around, the stony waste below, 3,000 feet of scree above and a deathly silence. There was snow in the shelter of the rocks, so Father B— collected a basinful and we melted it before the stove as there is no water at that height. Appetite now began to diminish, but we made a fair supper, and feeling distinctly light-headed and rather 'cheap' again turned in early. We got up at 2.30 a.m. and dressed for the final climb. I wore over a pair of silk pyjamas, two thin woollen vests, one thick sweater, one pullover, two stout khaki drill shirts, two pairs of shorts, one pair of trousers tucked into the top of my stockings, over which I wore thick oversocks and boots. My hands were protected by a pair of thick socks over a pair of thick stockings, and my neck, face and head by two large scarves and a hat. This garb proved just right—warm enough but not too heavy. The guide, a lugubrious-faced Mchagga (but a decent man on closer acquaintance) called Toma Mosha, wore over his ordinary clothes, an old raincoat, a pair of riding breeches, two pairs of stockings and a pair of puttees and boots, two pairs of stockings on his hands, two large Army blankets, worn cloakwise over opposite shoulders so as to completely envelop him, and a thick Balaclava helmet. Father B— and Father J— dressed much as I did, but Father B— enveloped his head in a silk dressing-gown! The porters, who were not equipped with such clothes, and whose job was done anyhow, stayed safely in the hut with a fire going and all apertures closed.

We four, with a hurricane lantern, set out in the dark and began to climb the scree. There was a gentle breeze coming straight off the snow and at 3.45 a.m. I was glad of those warm clothes. For four hours we slogged up a steep scree slope, ankle deep in volcanic ash, but it was partly frozen, so we did not

slip back as much as we might have done. We kept a slow, steady pace, and stopped every ten minutes or so for a rest, as the shortage of oxygen was noticeable. After the first hour we came to a cave and rested in its shelter for about twenty minutes, it was quite warm out of the wind. After nearly another hour Father J— began to show signs of exhaustion. As he said, his lungs "wouldn't work fast enough" and he finally came to a complete standstill. In spite of several long rests he failed to recover his wind, so after a further rest he turned back as the dawn was breaking and slithered down to the hut, a simple enough descent. We were then at about 18,000 feet. After that we climbed rather more quickly, and presently saw a very striking sunrise. The sun seemed to pop up quite suddenly behind Mawenzi, and appeared as if impaled on its jagged peaks. The odd thing was a sunrise with an absolutely clear sky, the sun blazing as at mid-day in a clear blue sky although only just above the horizon. And the hard black shadows of Mawenzi's peaks, thrown out on the saddle behind us, were very striking. Soon after this we could definitely look down on Mawenzi, and at last we reached the edge of the snow. We clambered off the scree on to the tumble of rocks at its head, and quite suddenly a great gap appeared before us through which we could look right into the crater of Kibo. After one breath-taking glimpse, we pushed on up the last few feet to Gillman's point, 19,000 feet, where one actually gains the edge of the crater. It was now 7.45 a.m., exactly four hours from the hut. As we knew of parties having taken nine and even ten hours, we were reasonably pleased with ourselves (old Dr. Reusch has done it in 3.20 hours, so we were nowhere near a record, though actually we could not find anything faster than $4\frac{1}{4}$ hours in the record book). We found the book in a tin box and wrote our names, times, weather, etc. Then we rested half an hour and ate a little food. We had filled our pockets with biscuits, dates, oranges, prunes and chocolate, but we had absolutely no appetite. Father B— ate half an orange and promptly fetched it up again! I ate a biscuit, some dates and an orange and kept them down uneasily for another three and a half hours and then returned them likewise.

The view from Gillman's Point was tremendous. The cloud

carpet was about 10,000 feet below us, but it did not quite touch the mountain and under the edge of it the country was laid out like a map. On the other side the view into the crater, though nearer, was even more spectacular, and no photograph I have seen gives any approach to the real impression. The crater is oval, about two and a half miles wide and possibly 1,000 feet deep. This vast area is filled with huge masses of snow and ice, heaped up into great crags and towers, and hollowed out into deep caves and pits. The jagged walls of ice show the most lovely greens and blues, and the untouched snow is more dazzlingly white than I had ever seen or imagined. Switzerland is nowhere! The combination of equatorial sun, shining in an absolutely cloudless sky through a rarified atmosphere and a vast sheet of hard frozen virgin snow produces a brilliance that defeats description. Even through black spectacles the snow seemed to be burning with countless fiery sparks. It was definitely worth climbing to 19,000 feet to see. The crater-rim not being horizontal, there is one point on it, Kaiser Wilhelm Spitze, which is higher than the rest, and so the true summit of the mountain. To this we made our way from Gillman's Point, following the rim of the crater, with a glacier sloping away on our left, and the crater on our right. We walked on a crust of frozen snow, but at only one point was the ridge at all narrow. We climbed another 500 feet (some say 717 feet), but it was rather trying as it was switchback and so we actually had to climb a good deal more. The air was definitely thin for climbing and we found we could only make fifteen steps before stopping to gasp. On bad bits we sometimes only managed ten or twelve. After half a minute's gasping we could go on again. So plodding slower and slower we finally reached the summit at 10 a.m., having taken $1\frac{3}{4}$ hours for the last two miles and 500 feet! We signed our names and wrote down our record, but by then the altitude was getting the better of us, and we couldn't be bothered to look at anything that others had written. We found the top-book in its iron box together with a flag, a Bible and various other relics. I couldn't even raise any enthusiasm for having reached the top—it seemed quite futile and my only desire was to get down again to a habitable level. (This was in contrast to Gillman's Point, 19,000 feet, where I had felt a fine sense of achievement.) So, after a short

rest, we turned back, having first had a glimpse of Mt. Kenya, some two hundred miles away. I took some photos, and enclose one of self and Toma at the summit. The sun was getting pretty hot now, and the snow crust was softening in places, so that as we descended we frequently fell through, sometimes knee deep and sometimes to the groin. Father B— in particular was treading heavily, being tired, and repeatedly went through. Then he would lie inert until I went back and pulled him out! and often in so doing I would then fall in! After each such extra effort it needed a full minute's rest before one had one's wind again, so, struggling along, we made Gillman's Point again, and after a short rest slithered down the scree to the hut. We stopped halfway down to look at icicles and rest, and at the hut found Father J— quite recovered and making hot soup for us. Then we fell into our bunks and slept for two hours (it was 12.30 p.m. when we got back), after which we packed up and walked easily down to the second hut for the night. It had been a good day, twenty miles walked, 3,000 feet climbed and 7,000 feet descended, at altitudes up to nearly 20,000 feet. I forced myself to eat some fat bacon and therewith my appetite returned. I made a good supper and turned in and slept for ten hours like a log. Father B— developed malaria in here, in addition to a splitting headache he had all the time above 10,000 feet. However, by morning his temperature was normal with quinine, so we pushed off about 9 a.m. and made a quick and easy descent to Marangu, arriving about 3 p.m.

Altogether it was a most interesting trip and I thoroughly enjoyed it all, except the last one and a half miles on the snow. Even so, it was worth getting there, as most people seem to stick at Gillman's Point. (For those who don't know already, Kilimanjaro is the highest mountain in Africa, and only exceeded in the world by the Himalayas, one peak in Alaska and two in the Andes.) I felt very fit afterwards and we played some vigorous tennis the next day. Then we went to Nairobi (by train) to do some very necessary shopping, after four years out of England, and so after being very kindly entertained by many people in Nairobi, Mombasa, Dar-es-Salaam, and elsewhere, we made our way gradually back to Masasi, having had a most successful holiday.

Well, life isn't all holidays, and from the day I got back

I've had plenty to do. At Lulindi the hospital is gradually becoming more and more a real hospital and less and less a sick-camp in the bush. The number of patients is much the same as always, but the significant thing is that there is a steady increase in the number of real in-patients, i.e., serious cases who must be nursed in bed, and not just ambulant patients who are only lodging in hospital because they live too far off to attend as out-patients. We need more in-patient accommodation, but I see no hope of it as yet. However, we are now able to resume work on the unfinished maternity block, and hope soon to have that in use. The great thing is that the training of the young African nurses is going ahead under Miss B's expert care, and they are now taking a really big share of work and responsibility. Our dispenser and dresser are even more experienced, so that nowadays the work of the hospital goes smoothly, however busy we may be, with surprisingly little European supervision. We have advanced more rapidly in this way than I had thought possible, and I am most thankful. I hope this progress will continue steadily, for we can go a long way yet.

Patients are coming from still further afield. At present there are patients in hospital from Lindi (100 miles N.E.), Mikindani (110 miles S.E.), and from Tunduru (150 miles W.), but recently I had two patients from Songea, which is over 300 miles away! Last week we had a visit from the Government Director of Medical Services from Dar-es-Salaam. It is the first time he has ever been here, so we were very pleased to see him, and showed him all round. He was very nice and approved the hospital as a recognized school for nurses.

Newala Hospital, which has long been a busy centre for out-patients, has now at last begun to fill up with in-patients, so much so in fact that it is seriously overcrowded, but a gift of 40/- arriving unexpectedly the other day from a patient I had treated while on holiday, we have now been able to build two new "private wards" on the best pattern that is possible with poles and mud, to take another six or eight patients. It really needs another proper block of brick-built wards, like the two blocks we have already, but there is no hope of getting enough money for that, so we are doing the best we can meanwhile. When I paid my first visit to Newala after my holiday, I was amazed at the increase of in-patients, mostly surgical cases,

including fearful ulcers of every kind, two cases of cancer, and an acute mastoid with some complications. It is clear that the attraction of the Sister-in-charge is greater than the discouragement due to shortage of water, which has hitherto kept patients out of the hospital. It is clearer than ever that we need a doctor for Newala and the Makonde district.

I began this letter while on a short visit to Mikindani where, besides seeing to the health of our priest and teachers, I went to settle the final arrangements for the new dispensary. It will not be ready until September, as the furniture is not nearly finished, but everything is now satisfactorily fixed up, and the scheme holds great promise. The important thing is that the local Government have now conceded every point, viz., that while paying all expenses, they will not prevent our using the dispensary as a Mission station for the propagation of the Gospel, and, secondly, that they will allow the contribution of thank-offerings by the patients. Both these points the D.C. had previously refused, but all is now amicably agreed, largely owing to the Provincial Commissioner, who was most helpful. The first point is a vital matter of principle; I had declined to go on unless it was conceded. The second point is not vital, but is important, as patients mistrust free medicine, and if they had not been allowed to pay anything they would have thought they were getting something inferior, and many would have stayed away. Anyhow, the local Government will get the contributions as they are paying for everything, so they ought to be glad! This second victory is simply a victory over red tape, while the first is a victory over that extraordinary pro-Moslem obsession that haunts the British Government. I hope to be able to give you some news of Mchicha in September.

I am sorry to say that ten of our leprosy clinics are again closed for want of hydnocarpus oil, which can only be got from India, and apparently export is now prohibited. However, the D.M.S. says Government have still considerable stocks of it, so I hope we may get enough from them to re-open for a while at least. As nearly 1,400 patients attend these ten clinics, the interruption of work is serious.

The Scouts continue to flourish and grow. We have now well over 300, and an encouraging feature is that many of the hitherto rather small troops are now growing in size and

becoming more firmly established: e.g., two Troops that dwindled almost to extinction, chiefly as a result of war-fear, have now pulled themselves together and taken on a new lease of life with much more promise than they originally showed. This is even more encouraging than the very rapid increase in numbers of new Troops that occurred last year. The one Troop that closed down has now re-started (the boys were always keen, the difficulty being lack of Scout-masters and troubles with the school authorities) and only one other has ceased—due to the intransigence of their Scout-master, not to any trouble with the boys themselves, so there are hopes of re-starting later with another S.M.

We have just had our second annual Rally. It was here at Lulindi and lasted three days, and was a tremendous success. Two hundred and thirty-six Scouts attended (those to the West being unable to come as it was too far), and all were most enthusiastic and cheerful. The inter-patrol competition was more extensive in scope than last year and was won by the 'Elephants' from Liloya. Four different Troops combined to do a very successful play ('St. Alban') on the Sunday, and the final big display on Monday afternoon, lasting two and a quarter hours non-stop, was watched by a crowd of about 2,000 (which is enormous for this part of the world) and a number of distinguished visitors, including the Bishop, the Provincial Commissioner, the Senior Medical Officer (both from Lindi), the D.C. (Government) from Masasi, and a number of Chiefs. The display included fire-lighting (won in forty-six seconds without matches!), bridge-building, tug-of-war, chariot-race, stilt-dancing, first-aid, rugger-without-rules, tower-building, signalling, obstacle race, and a violent dance (called 'Masewe') of an acrobatic nature. For the first-aid demonstration we deliberately crashed a two-wheel truck on which Scouts were riding (doing a bogus stunt) and the ambulance Scouts then rushed on and picked up the injured. They tied up two fractures (including a femur) and a scalp wound and had them all removed from the scene in four minutes from the accident. Later in the display a spectator fainted so the ambulance Scouts were able to bring on their stretcher again and took him off and administered real first-aid.

All the visitors were most appreciative and encouraging and

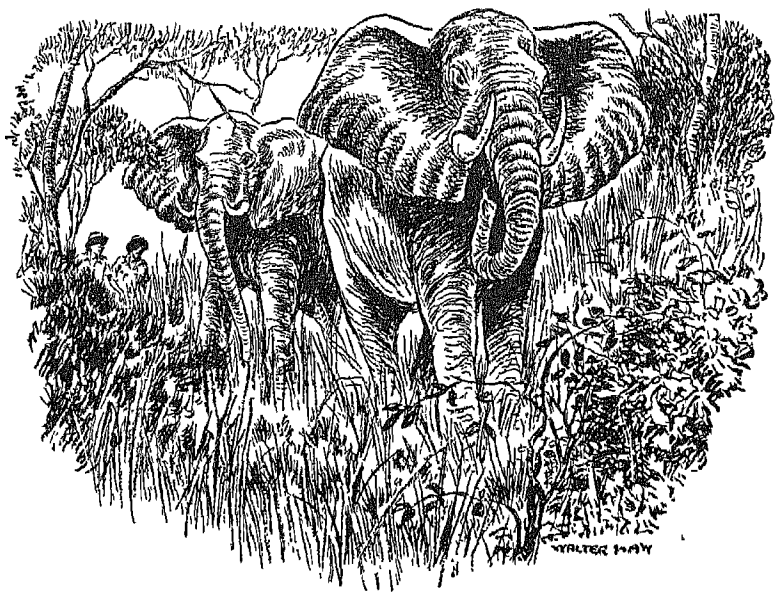
the P.C. gave us £10 and asked specially that he might be invited again next year. It was altogether a very happy do and the Scouts went off in great spirits. I took the Bishop and several others back to Masasi, and on returning here slept for more than eleven hours straight off! But it had been worth while. My own Troop has now grown to 19, which in these thinly-populated parts is quite a lot. They are a very happy family and keep me cheerful. They put up a very good show in the Rally although they didn't win. Now they are thinking about camp in August, on the Ruvuma, which I hope we shall be able to manage again.

Sailing Boats and Lobsters

27th May, 1943.

I have been at Mikindani for the last five days—longer than I usually stay, as I have been having some repairs done to the car by the sisal works (no, they are not tying it with string!). It is cool here at this time of the year and most delightful, as it is always a most beautiful seaside spot. We have been well entertained by people here (both black and white)—I am with the Archdeacon, who combines his periodical visit of inspection with mine as he has no car—and having quite a restful time. On Tuesday we went in the afternoon to visit a labourers' camp on one of the sisal plantations in the next bay, so we went in a sailing boat and had a delightful trip. The water here is so clear and clean that you can see everything on the bottom (which is white sand), including masses of coral and scarlet starfish. We passed shoals of flying fish and saw some cranes on the shore. The wind, though favourable, was only light, and the boat rather heavy, so that we finished the return journey by starlight, Jupiter being so brilliant as to throw a long sparkling reflection across the water. I hope to get the car this afternoon and we shall then go off to Mchicha to finish our business there (I spent most of Saturday working there), sleep and go on to-morrow to Newala, and Luatala, and so back to Lulindi, probably Saturday morning. One advantage of a visit to the coast is that one can lay in a stock of things not

now obtainable up-country, e.g., wheat-flour, coffee beans, English khaki for shorts, yellow soap, tinned milk, ink, and other odds and ends. Prices are all up, but we do very well and are not rationed, so can't complain. And of course local produce is as usual. I wish I could send you some bananas, which are very abundant at present, and you get four or five for ¼d! On Friday, on our way here, we met a man carrying a magnificent live lobster, a real big one. He asked 1/- for it, which is twice the usual price, so I offered him 6d., and he marched off in disgust. I started up the car and he suddenly turned round and shouted, "I'll take 9d." and came running back. So I gave him 9d. and everyone was satisfied. The lobster was delicious.



Visit to a Veteran

15th February, 1944.

IT is months since I last managed to write a family letter, but from letters I am still getting it seems to have been appreciated, so I will try another. Besides all the turmoil of war our everyday doings here must seem very pedestrian and to some, perhaps, irrelevant, but in the way of news I have nothing else to offer, and I may, I hope, be forgiven the reflection that while war is a desperate business that everyone longs to see the end of, we are trying here, however, ineffectively, to help to build up something worth while that shall last, nothing less in fact than the Kingdom of God in Africa. Although here we are quiet and far from the war, I do remember you, so widely scattered in your different troubles and dangers and do pray that you may all be kept safe until we meet again.

I have added two wings to the new Lulindi hospital which we built in 1938. Part of each wing will give increased out-

patient accommodation, men one side and women the other, and the rest of each wing will be a ward of ten beds for our most seriously-ill cases. Each ward will be divided by screens into three parts, so that there are not more than four beds in any one section, and each ward has a wide veranda on which patients can lie out on their beds during the day. The building is at last finished, and the roof thatched—it was a big job, as the total length of the hospital is now 250 feet—but the floor is still to be laid, and the walls to be plastered, not to mention doors, windows, stoves, etc.

To have patients nursed in actual wards and not in small houses, is an entirely new development here, and therefore it will be experimental. Hitherto all patients have been fed and cared for by their own relations, with consequently a lot of mess and often to the detriment of such treatment and nursing as we try to give, but the system has its advantages in that we have been able to deal with a large number of patients with a small staff, and without having to worry about feeding them. I have no idea therefore of suddenly changing the system for the whole hospital, but by providing for a maximum of twenty patients in the new wards we can see how it will work, and then if successful, we can build more wings to the hospital and gradually extend until all in-patients are being properly nursed and fed. On the men's side the patients will be nursed by the dressers, and on the women's side by the young African nurses who are being trained in the nursing school here. This school has now not only been recognized by the Government (for the granting of certificates to nurses trained here), but from this year they are giving us an annual grant of £250 for its maintenance and extension. This will be an enormous help, as hitherto the nursing school has been largely dependent on the meagre hospital allowance and private help. The first nurse to complete her training took the Government examination in July and passed with distinction, thus gaining the first nursing certificate in Tanganyika.

The training of our African "dispensers" (who, as I have explained before, have a miniature medical training so that they can undertake in large measure the work of either doctor or nurse according to circumstances) is going ahead at Minaki, where Dr. Gibbons continues to do wonders. We have just

received two more, fully trained and Government First Grade certificates, and they are really excellent and a great credit to their training. There are another seven students in training there at present and we can do with more. The gradual increase in size and capability of our African staff, both men and women, is a great blessing, as our staff of doctors gets no higher and our European nurses get fewer and fewer. Since August two of the most senior have left the Mission to join the Government service, another (Jean Montgomery) has died (of tetanus on St. Andrew's Day), and yet another (Miss Shelley) has had to give up all active work owing to disseminated cancer. Miss Shelley had sole charge of eight out-station leprosy clinics, widely scattered over more than eighty miles of country, which she designed, staffed, visited, managed and largely financed. There are at present nearly 1,300 patients attending these clinics with wonderful results. Who is to carry on the work is a great problem, as the nurse Miss Shelley had herself chosen was Jean Montgomery, and now she is dead. However, we have managed so far not to close down any work, but it is a bit of a stretch to make the staff go round (I refer to *all* the medical work, not only the leprosy clinics).

The dispensary we opened at Mchicha at the end of 1942 (which is entirely financed by the "Native Treasury") is continuing as a great success, and I have now persuaded the *Newala* District Native Treasury to finance a dispensary at Tandahimba, thirty miles east of Newala, and a centre where medical help is badly needed. In this case they have only paid for the building and its equipment, and the running expenses will be on us, but even so it is a great help. I designed a large building rather like the one we acquired at Mchicha, and have now built it in brick. We made the bricks on the spot and found the earth to be the finest we had yet struck anywhere. The building is almost finished, but we can't open it yet owing to the shortage of nurses I have mentioned, as the African dispenser who was chosen for the job is at present in charge of Luatala hospital instead of a Sister. However, we *hear* there is a new nurse on her way from England, so we may get it open later on.

Just to give you an idea of the paucity of our medical services, suppose Tandahimba to be Woldingham; then if you were ill at Woldingham your nearest medical help would be a

dispensary at East Grinstead (Nanyamba) or at London (Mahuta), *and you would have no car to get to either!* The nearest *hospital* would be at Barnet (Newala) and the nearest doctor (me!) at St. Alban's (Lulindi). All these are Mission dispensaries, etc., and you would be expected to pay a few pence for treatment. If you wanted *free* treatment at a Government dispensary to which you are entitled, as a poll-tax payer, you would have to walk to Broxbourne (Kitangali), while to reach the nearest Government *hospital* and doctor, you would have to walk to Chichester. Yet Tandahimba is the centre of a big population, and we have a priest there, and a boarding-school with four teachers.

In November I went to see Dr. Wigan, the senior doctor in this Mission, who has the diocese of Nyasaland to look after. He has been looking after it nearly forty years now, always travelling around and he badly needs a younger man to help him. It was the first chance I have had (for one reason and another) to get to see him, so we had much to discuss. The journey was not uneventful. I took with me Father Birch, to put him on his way to South Africa, and three Scouts (besides old Simon, of course). We left Lulindi on October 30th with a borrowed gearbox (as my own was smashed), and after a very late start (owing to fitting said gearbox), reached Tunduru about 150 miles, at 11.30 p.m. Next day we left about midday (being Sunday) and had two bad punctures in the most shadeless of tropical spots, and a broken spring. We ran on slowly and slept in the forest about 160 miles on. Next morning we reached Songea, and managed to pick up an old spring from an Indian. This we took to the Roman Catholic Mission at Paramiljo, fifteen miles on, where they have magnificent workshops, and after five and a half hours' work it was fitted! We pushed on over the Livingstone Mountains and down the 5,000 ft. escarpment of the Great Rift valley, in the dark, reaching the Lake shore about midnight, at Mbamba Bay. It was pitch dark, the only faint light being the riding-light of the Mission steamer. However, we found a night-watchman, who promised to wake us if the steamer began to up-anchor, so we got a few hours' sleep in a hut on the shore.

At 6 a.m. the said night-watchman called us, so we bundled on board and the steamer sailed at once. The Bishop was on

board and it was very good to meet him again (he used to be at Masasi before he became Bishop of Nyasaland). By breakfast time we had reached Liuli, a very pretty lakeside station, and went ashore. The steamer then got a hole in its boiler, and had to return at once to Malindi for major repairs, so we stayed at Liuli. Next day the Bishop borrowed two large canoes, and in these we continued up coast. We travelled by night to avoid the heat, and with a full moon on the water, it was very lovely. We stopped to eat on the shore and finally reached Mkiri and slept there. Next day we went on and reached Mbaha. Again we slept, and next morning dismissed the canoes and continued in a Roman Catholic motor-boat which happened to be nearby. This took us to Manda, a pretty spot as seen from the Lake, but like a furnace on land. There we expected to find Dr. Wigan, but instead got news that he was at Milo, nearly sixty miles up in the mountains! After two days we set off on foot, at 3 a.m., and began the long climb. We slept the first night at Idusi, and the second at Ludewo, in the vestry of the church, as the rest-house was out of use! Next morning, just after sunrise, we came on a pair of elephants, close by the path, and walked along in their company a little way. They were the first I had seen and we were delighted with so close a view. One at least was enormous, and as his easy stroll was faster than our running, they soon got out of sight ahead of us. That day we climbed more steeply than before, and got right up into the mountains, with clear streams and fresh breezes, and finally into the bracken and heather of the hill tops. We reached Milo about 3 p.m. on November 10th, having taken exactly eleven days for a journey of only 550 miles! Dr. Wigan was there, and I spent a very pleasant three days with him before returning. Milo is nearly 7,000 feet up, so it can be cold! They have fires in all the rooms and need them. They have no mosquitoes (so no nets), but masses of roses, and also a horse, a donkey, cattle, blackberries, strawberries, cream, peaches, beef, bacon, and many other things we never see here. The views are superb.

We returned more quickly reaching Manda in two days and getting the motor-boat all the way to Mbamba Bay, with a visit to Likoma Island thrown in (on Likoma is Nyasaland's magnificent cathedral and many Mission activities), and so reached Tunduru in six days from Milo. There, however, I

spent a couple of days, so did not actually reach Lulindi until the ninth day. Between Tunduru and Masasi we had a burst which divided the inner tube clean in half (across) and made a slit in the outer cover eleven inches across!

We had a very good Christmas, not too hot, and everything very reverent in church. Sometimes at big festivals the large crowds of children—and others!—get a bit unruly! A big crowd of young people sang carols very nicely all round the station on Christmas Eve, especially round the hospital, from about 8 to 10 p.m.

We are now in the middle of the rainy season, though the rains this year were late beginning, and have been so far lighter than usual. Everything is very green, and there are some lovely flowers in places, though by no means everywhere. One day I came across a large bush of white mimosa on which were displayed no less than nine different species of butterfly, besides beetles and brilliantly-coloured insects of every sort. They were all quite quiet, and mostly motionless, just drinking. It was a most extraordinary spectacle and a little unreal—rather like being inside a museum show-case.

We have just got another new District Commissioner at Masasi. The out-going one believes he has established a record by staying two years! Some asked to be moved; others are moved by higher authority just when they are beginning to understand the District. None ever stays long enough really to know the people or to achieve anything of lasting value. I have not yet seen the new D.C., but I hear he is on a tour to see the annual food-shortage.

Carrying On

16th November, 1946.

In spite of all my good intentions, ten months have passed since I returned here without a 'family' letter. And so much has happened in the meantime that it is hard to know where to begin . . .

Well, to begin at the beginning: I arrived safely at Mom-basa after a very fast passage, did the overland journey by three

trains and a bus, three days and three nights, to Dar-es-Salaam. Thence I got a berth in the saloon settee of the 'Tayari,' a very small Dutch coaster, and so rolled down to Mikindani, as she did not stop at Lindi, and so we bumped our dusty way through the 120 miles of midday heat to Masasi. At Lulindi I found a pile of work waiting and the Scouts and probationer nurses threw a concert of welcome. I was very pleased to find the nursing school possessed of fine new premises, built in brick by means of the Government bonus for successfully qualified nurses. The design and building had been very kindly carried out by Father Pickersgill, who had also repaired the roof of the women's ward in the hospital, which had threatened to collapse while I was away. He had also been looking after the Scouts, so I have a lot to thank him for.

Christmas was soon upon us, a great joy in the familiar surroundings of Lulindi. A lovely custom has grown up there, which no doubt exists elsewhere though I have not heard of it. At the end of the Midnight Mass the women of the congregation rush out of church and start the shrill rhythmic cry with which they always greet the birth of a boy. The sound carries far across the villages and Moslems wake and wonder where the child is born. They do not yet know that He was born in Bethlehem—for them.

By Christmas time we were already wondering what had happened to the rain, and we just went on wondering. The rains failed as completely as they could, and although it made travelling easier, it killed the maize and seriously affected the millet and other harvests. As there was already a shortage of food, from feeding the "more important" and impoverished parts of East Africa in the previous years, the situation is now pretty depressing, and the population is living on dried cassava—very filling but of inferior food value, and most depressing to eat day after day—rather like a diet of "Stickphast," but flavoured with prussic acid instead of cloves. As soon as the alleged rains had finished we started on this year's building programme, using the money to which many of you so kindly contributed.

The plans include (for Lulindi Hospital) four new wards, new store-rooms, staff rooms, X-ray rooms, new operation suite, new chapel and maternity ward with new labour rooms and

ante-natal clinic. We have so far managed the four new wards with store-rooms and staff-rooms and these are nearly finished. When they are it will make a big difference to the ease and efficiency of dealing with a steadily increasing in-patient practice. Our present accommodation is eighty, most of which is in huts unsuitable for nursing really ill patients, but for much of the year we have had constantly ninety and more patients in at a time. Out-patients have been numerous, too, and one hectic day we had 429 of them.

The other buildings (from 'X-ray rooms' onwards in the above list) we have not been able to cope with yet, as our builders are slow beyond belief (our bricklayers work at about one-sixth the speed of British bricklayers!). Now the rains are approaching again, so we cannot start till next May, but meanwhile I am getting preparations well in hand by burning bricks and tiles and having door and window frames made in advance, and timbers cut for the roofing. All these rooms will form one long block across the back of the hospital, at right angles to the wards, so the whole will be compact and easily accessible by covered verandas. The cost of the X-ray rooms has been covered by the Philip Sedgwick Memorial Fund, and the operating theatre and the chapel by the Father Porter Memorial Fund. That covers half the block. The other half—maternity wards, ante-natal clinic, etc.—is not yet covered, but we hope someone will come forward before next May! Incidentally, the present operation block (good but not quite big enough) will form the new leprosy clinic.

So much for Lulindi Hospital, but we have also managed to improve Newala Hospital. While I was away the Sister-in-charge put up two private wards for Mission teachers (subscribed for by the teachers) and two private wards for Indians (subscribed for by the Indians) and had also improved the leprosy clinic, so that it is now one of the best we have. Since my return we have, with a small local Government grant, put up a proper general ward in brick—at present divided half men, half women—but eventually to be one of a pair or more, as opportunity allows. The trouble about building at Newala is that the nearest brick-earth, and the nearest water for making bricks, are more than three miles away and 1,000 feet downhill! So the only thing is to have bricks made down the hill and then carried up

—a troublesome and expensive business. However, at long last, there is a prospect of water at Newala.

After more than a year's delay, our X-ray plant has at last arrived and been set up at Lulindi. You can imagine the thrill, after working in the dark for nearly twelve years to be able to say: "We'll have an X-ray of this first," and "Good morning, Miss Grant, there are two fractures and a chest for you: when can you do them?" and actually see it working. Now we are only waiting for the electric light fittings to make full use of the generator and end the tyranny of paraffin lamps for night emergency work.

The Scouts are slowly going ahead. We have now about 300 in the district, and mustered 273 (a record) for the Annual Rally at Lulindi. We extended it to five days this year and so had time for more 'big stuff' and in all a more comprehensive programme. Our new Bishop is a Scout, and spent the whole five days at the Rally in uniform, which was a great encouragement.

There is still no news of any more doctors for this diocese, yet the volume and complexity of work keep on growing. If you are a doctor, please come: if you know a doctor, please send him. If you don't even know one, please pray for some to come, and keep on praying.

